

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

## AMERICANS IN JAPAN.—CRUISE OF THE U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR PREBLE.

WE have already published from the *China Mail* a condensed notice of the rescue from Japan of a number of American sailors, who had been shipwrecked upon that coast, where they had been kept in prison and treated with the grossest barbarity for many months. The account, however, was very brief, and we are very glad, therefore, to find a much more extended narrative of it in the *Chinese Repository*, proof-sheets of which, sent out by S. Wells Williams, Esq., have been received by the editor of the *Providence Journal*. From this narrative we learn that the *Preble* left Hong Kong upon this cruise the 22d of March, and returned on the 20th of May. She reached Napa April 10th, and remained three days. Dr. Betelheim is there as a missionary, but has not been able as yet to open the slightest communication with the natives, who do not molest him in any way, but avoid him whenever he appears. The authorities desired the *Preble* to take him away, but he had no wish to leave. The Japanese requested Capt. Glynn to keep away from that place in future. They would not sell him any supplies, though they offered to give him whatever he might want; he refused to take anything, however, unless he could be allowed to pay for it. From Napa the *Preble* sailed for Nangasacki, which she reached April 17th.

Her appearance, says the narrative, was announced to the authorities of that town immediately, and a boat was seen approaching as soon as she anchored. This unusual haste, as well as the repeated inquiries subsequently made whether there was not another vessel in company, were not fully explained until Capt. Glynn learned at Shánghái, that the ship *Natches* had passed through the straits of Van Diemen only the day before his arrival. A Japanese boarding officer, Moreama Einaska, hailed the ship in English, to say she must anchor in a place he pointed out until the governor's order could be received; but Captain Glynn told him that place was unsafe, as well as his present anchorage, and he should stand in until he gained a safe berth inside the harbor. When the ship had reached the offing, abreast Happenberg Island, the man hailed her, saying, "You may anchor where you please." On coming aboard, when the ship was first hailed, he inquired why the *Preble* came to Japan; and that question being evaded, he asked the captain if he received a paper. "No. One of your boats came alongside, and threw a bamboo stick on deck, in which was thrust a paper; but, if it was intended for me, that is not the proper manner to communicate to

me, and I ordered it to be thrown overboard. Why do you choose this method of sending me a letter?" In the usual style of Japanese officials, after a thing has been done, the interpreter replied, "That was right! That was right! But our laws require that all ships should be notified of certain things. This was a common man; he had his orders as I have mine, from the chiefs over me, and you must not blame him." The paper here alluded to contained warning to ships, directions where they are to anchor, and what questions they are to answer.

After the *Preble* had anchored, a military officer, named Serai Tatsnosen, came aboard to learn her errand. His rank and credentials were carefully examined as a preliminary step; after which full particulars of the nation, object, and character of the ship were told through the same interpreter, Moreama Einaska, who spoke tolerably good English, but understood only as much as he wanted to. This chief was told that the commander of the *Preble* came with written instructions to bring away sixteen American seamen cast upon the Japanese coast. This announcement called forth a series of questions from him about the manner in which the shipwreck and number of men was ascertained, who sent the *Preble* after them, &c. &c. Captain Glynn replied in general terms, and endeavored to learn how long his countrymen had been there, what treatment they had received, and why two of them had died; but the interpreter parried these interrogatories in a very trifling manner. A promise was elicited, however, that he would inquire of the governor, H. E. Edo Tsokimano, whether the men would be delivered up without the delay of referring to Yeddo. The standing inquiry was made if the ship was in need of anything; but the chief was told that no provisions, fuel, or water, could be received unless the Japanese would take pay, as it was against the laws of the United States for a national vessel to receive anything in the way of presents. He declined the proposal to exchange salutes, saying they were never made, nor the compliment ever given, either by French or English men-of-war.

During the night everything was quiet in the harbor, but in the morning of the 19th, a large number of boats were seen under the land, and the forts near the entrance of the channel up to the town were manned with more men. These forts are even less skilfully built than the Chinese, the walls consisting of small unhewn stones, and the guns placed at such an elevation up the hill that a discharge would be sure to turn them quite over. Their battlements were, however, turned to a much more peaceful use than to train guns upon to drive away the *Preble*, for, during her stay, many parties of the people came there to look

at her, as a substitute for the prohibition to visit her.

A military officer, Matsmora Shai, came off to salute Captain Glynn, on behalf of the governor. The captain observed it was uncivil, and argued very little confidence in his promise to observe the regulations of the port, to place a cordon of armed boats around his ship, while free intercourse and reciprocal civility would tend to a better acquaintance and mutual good will between the Japanese and other countries. "Why are American men-of-war sent so far from home?" was the only rejoinder, as if nothing had been said to him. He was made fully acquainted, however, with the condition of the American navy, and the size, armament, and crew of the one then in port; but the evasions made by the interpreter to the queries put to him, were characteristic of this suspicious people—a people among whom the system of espionage and mutual responsibility has well nigh destroyed everything like frankness, truth, and confidence. No one of the officials on board seemed to know anything upon any other subject than their master's message; for though one of them had been at Yeddo, and seen the emperor, he could give no idea of his age, nor of the distance there. One of the surest ways of succeeding with the Japanese is to imitate them in this respect, and convey to them the impression that you are obliged to carry out your orders, and know nothing beyond what you were sent to execute. Before this chief left, Captain Glynn gave him a letter to the governor, in which he made a formal demand for the men, and requested his excellency to inform them of the Preble's arrival.

The same officer did not return till the 22d, and on coming aboard, after salutations had passed, he was asked if he had the governor's answer, to which he replied, "It would come another time, not now." He was told that neither a verbal answer nor a messenger would be received as satisfactory; to which he said that, according to Japanese usage, he had come to speak by word of mouth. He was pressed to say definitely when the men would be given up, and was told that if they were not soon handed over, the instructions of his superior would oblige Captain Glynn to take other measures, for he must get them. The necessity of referring to Yeddo was constantly thrown in to account for the delay which might take place before they came on board; but when about to leave, he said an answer would come from the governor the next day, and an intimation whether a reference must be made to Yeddo. An example of the caution of these officials was exhibited when they were requested to take a packet of newspapers to Mr. Levyssohn, the opperhoofd [president of the Dutch factory] at Desima, for which they had already obtained permission, but not to take a letter with it; they demurred a long time, but finding that the papers which they felt bound to take could not be carried away without the letter, the chief at last took upon himself the immense responsibility of carrying them both

ashore. A ridiculous instance of their duplicity was also shown. The captain was desirous of getting some fossil coal, and when the chief went over the ship, he was purposely taken by the forge, and asked if he had any of the substance ashore there used to heat iron. "No. What a curious stone it is!" The officer wrapped a large lump in a paper, for him to carry ashore, but he begged him not to rob the small stock remaining, and would take only a bit of the rare mineral, carefully depositing it in his sleeve. We think the fool must have laughed in his sleeve at his supposed success in making the foreigners think the people of Nangasacki had no coal, when it is their chief fuel.

A semi-official reply was received from Mr. Levyssohn in the afternoon, stating that he had been requested to translate the letter to the governor of Nangasacki, and having been told that special permission from court was necessary before the men could be delivered to a man-of-war, he had intimated the necessity of giving them up, and had proposed to receive them himself, after having had an interview with the commander of the Preble. To this note a reply was immediately returned, expressing a hope that the proposed conference would take place. Meanwhile, the cordon of guard-boats was increased and drawn nearer the ship; torches were lighted in each one by night, placed in pans at the ends of long poles, to observe if any person attempted to swim ashore, and as many precautions were taken to prevent intercourse as if the vessel had had the plague.

On the 23d, Serai Tatsnoson returned. He remarked that Mr. Levyssohn had had an interview with the governor, and proposed to obviate the need of referring to Yeddo by taking the men himself, and would come aboard in two days upon the matter. Captain Glynn told him this mode of answering an official note was very improper, and the commander of the Preble could only confer with the governor, and could not be put off and delayed in this manner with vain excuses, concluding his reply by asking, "Am I to get the men?" "This cannot be. Why not stay a few days? You will get the men, *I think*." This last phrase formed a part of almost every remark of the interpreter, and when questioned if the men would come aboard in two days, he said again, "I cannot say how long it will be; *I think* you will get your sailors."

Some little hesitancy was exhibited by the Japanese officials, before they remarked that Captain Glynn could not see Mr. Levyssohn, for he was ill; and that it was necessary for the governor to get permission from Yeddo before giving up the men. Upon receiving this answer, the commander of the Preble sternly told the chief, that is enough; the ship can stay at Nangasacki no longer: its commander has business only with the governor of that city, and knows nothing of the Dutch factory in this business, and he will get under weigh in a few hours, and leave to report his reception to his superior and to his own government

which had sent him there, and well knew how to recover its citizens, and had the power to do so. Hearing this decided language, the chief seemed to lose his imperturbable nonchalance, and said he would exert all his influence to get the men soon, adding, "I think you may expect it—" "Stop! You have had time enough to think, and I'll do the thinking now," replied the captain. "Do you promise me now that the men shall be delivered up in three days from this, for I will stay no longer!" Thus pressed, the governor's messenger promised that in three days they should be handed over to the American commander, whereupon the parties shook hands. The chief afterwards walked over the vessel, inspected the crew at general quarters, &c., and then took his leave.

On the 25th, the chief, Matsmora Shai, returned, and on taking his seat, remarked that Mr. Levyssohn, being too sick to come off, had sent a substitute, who was in the boat alongside, and he wished to know if he might come on board. Captain Glynn directed the officer to go to the gangway and invite him to come up, but Moreama, the interpreter, interfered, and said it was necessary for him to give him permission to do so. This gentleman, Mr. Bassle, brought a letter from Mr. Levyssohn, offering a quantity of provisions, which Captain Glynn was of course compelled to decline, as he had already told the authorities he must pay for what he took. Mr. B. also brought some Japanese official documents in Dutch, with four signatures and seals attached to them, which he orally translated.

One of them was an informal reply from the governor, through the opperhoofd, in which, after reciting the names of the sailors, he says that it has been represented at court that the men were to be sent away by the next Dutch ship, and are now handed over to the superintendent, to be surrendered to the American man-of-war; but though they (the sailors) reported that their ship was wrecked, yet the law of Japan strictly forbids any person voluntarily approaching its shore; and as it is plain that long voyages cannot be taken in boats, in future persons coming ashore in this manner will be carefully examined. The governor adds, that these men were provided for, and yet, in violation of the laws of the land, broke out of their residence several times, and escaped into the country, but were recaptured, and pardon granted to them; and concludes by requesting the superintendent to inform the American commander that whalers from his country are not to resort to the Japanese seas, as the present case, and one in 1847, show that they are becoming more numerous.

The other paper seemed to be a report of their guard, and contained a notice of the arrival near the island of Lisili, belonging to Yesso, within the principality of Matsmai, of fifteen North American whalers, who asked for assistance, and had a residence given them. It then detailed the several occasions on which these men had broken out of their "residence," and been retaken, and

forgiven, after they had asked pardon; they were instructed to behave properly, and promised to obey the warning. Their repeated attempts to break out, compelled the Japanese authorities to take them away from the temple and put them in prison, though not only had they themselves promised to be quiet, but the Dutch superintendent had cautioned them to remain easy until they were liberated. After reciting the time, nature, and result of the diseases each one had suffered, it concluded with saying that their incarceration was wholly owing to their own restiveness. Soon after the reading of these documents, and their delivery to Captain Glynn, the party left the ship.

A new visitor, Hagewara Matasak, came on the 26th, with Moreama, to announce to Captain Glynn that the men would be given up according to promise, and inquiring, with some earnestness, if he would then sail. The positive assurance that this would be done seemed to relieve him vastly; and he then proceeded to say that Captain Glynn's request to visit Mr. Levyssohn on shore had been communicated to the governor, who had refused to grant permission, as it was against the laws of Japan. He was told that this was enough, and the question was then asked if the laws of Japan were in book. "No, no; not so—the French and Dutch put their laws in books, but our governor gives us the law." "Did your governor give you the law prohibiting foreigners visiting the Dutch factory at Desima, or did the emperor make it?" asked Captain Glynn. He was told that this was an imperial regulation; and when a copy of Ingersoll's Digest of the Laws of the United States was offered to him for his acceptance, he again quoted law to decline taking it. The number and object of American vessels which yearly resorted to the Japanese waters was then stated, and on this subject the chief was evidently interested.

After this conversation, a boat bearing the Netherlands flag came alongside, and Mr. Bassle and another gentleman came on board, bringing some papers in Dutch signed by the four head Japanese interpreters, which Mr. B. orally translated. One of them contained an extract from the laws to the following effect:—

When shipwrecked foreigners have no means of returning home, they are allowed to sojourn, and their wants are provided for; and on their arrival here they are to be sent back to their country by the Dutch superintendent, which is thus fixed by the law. This being duly considered, it is accordingly not allowed in future to land in the Japanese empire.

Shortly after this, the Japanese officers and the whole party took their leave, and the boat containing the shipwrecked mariners came alongside, and they on deck. Their names were—Robert McCoy, of Philadelphia; John Ball, of Kempville, N. Y.; Jacob Boyd, of Springfield, New Jersey; John Martin, of Rochester, New York; John Waters, of Oahu; and Melchar Bissar, of New York, Americans; Harry Barker, James Hall,



Manna, Mokea, Steam, Jack, and Hiram, Hawaiians, all formerly belonging to the ship *Ladoga*; and Randal M'Donald, of Astoria; belonging to the ship *Plymouth*. The cunning of the Japanese in deferring the delivery until they had finished all their own conferences, and placed themselves in security aboard their own boats, was very evident, as thereby all charges brought by their misused prisoners would fall harmless upon them. They may have been conscious that a conference upon the deck of the *Preble* might have been unpleasant, and they placed at a disadvantageous equality with those whom they had so badly treated.

The narrative of the imprisonment of these unhappy mariners shows the cruelty of the Japanese government, and the necessity of making some arrangement with it involving the better usage of those who are cast upon their shores. The men told their story to Capt. Glynn in a straightforward manner, which carried conviction with it; and we are happy in being able to furnish the following account compiled from their depositions:—

#### NARRATIVE OF THE SAILORS.

It appears that the men from the *Ladoga* deserted her on account of ill usage, and went off in three boats about June 5th, 1848, near the straits of Sangar; they cruised along the coast of Yesso, and landed to get food and water, but being refused, put to sea and landed again about three miles north, where the villagers built them three mat sheds, and supplied them with food. On the morning of the 7th, an officer inquired why they had come there, and gave them permission to stay till a northerly wind blew to carry them away; and meanwhile ordered a calico screen to be put up, and guards posted, to prevent them from going into or seeing the adjoining country. These soldiers were armed with swords and matchlocks, and their superiors were eased in mail and Japanned helmets or hats made of paper, and resembling broad-brimmed quaker hats; the men carried the match for their matchlocks at their waist.

The shipwrecked sailors were supplied with about one hundred and sixty pounds of rice and some firewood; on the next morning they put to sea again, pulling and sailing down the coast, everywhere perceiving that the country was aroused, and keeping off until they were invited ashore by a boat from a village near where they had first landed; here they found three mat inclosures run up for their reception since they came in sight, and were told they could stay there till the wind became fair. On the afternoon of the 9th, on attempting to go aboard their boats, they found they were prisoners, and the reasons assigned for detaining them were that an officer wished to speak to them, and that their boats were so frail and small they would perish, but that in twenty days a larger vessel would be furnished them. Their luggage was all brought ashore and ticketed, and placed within a house in the village; five days after they were again removed to a prison—so

ridiculously afraid were the Japanese of foreigners looking at their possessions, that these fifteen unarmed sailors were conducted to their lodging through a file of armed soldiers lining both sides of the street.

Here the men remained quiet till the twenty days were up, constantly in charge of a guard and restrained from walking about, at which time they were told no vessel would be ready until twenty days more had elapsed; at the expiration of this second period, they were informed that they would not be allowed to leave the place till January, and their application to be permitted to depart in their own boats was refused. Finding that no dependence could be placed in the assertions of the Japanese, McCoy and Ball made their escape from the prison, intending, if possible, to reach the coast and get to sea in a boat; but they were captured in the first village they approached to ask for food, and taken back to their comrades. A while after their return, on the occurrence of a quarrel the guard nailed Ball into a grated crib by himself for ten days; the cage was too low for him to stand up, and when he hallooed to his comrades, violating the orders of his keepers not to speak, he was jammed at with a stick to compel him to be quiet; for four days out of these ten he was unable to eat.

While he was in this cage, McCoy and Martin made their escape, but were soon arrested on the coast, though not before McCoy had swum out a distance from the shore; they were both put in a crib or cage by themselves after they were brought back, and Ball added to their company. Here they remained twenty-five days, fed through a hole just large enough to admit a cup. Martin was taken out once, after some high words had passed between him and the others, and thrown on the ground; standing on him, the Japanese bound his arms, and then raised him up and secured him to a post, where they beat him with the bight of a rope over his face and head; after which he was returned to his cage, at the intercession of his incensed companions, who endeavored to break out.

About the 10th of August, the men were all removed on board a junk, the three just mentioned being put into a cage between decks only five feet high, six feet long, and four feet broad; the other twelve men were stowed in a second cage twelve by ten feet square, and high enough to stand up in. In these cribs they were kept during the passage to Nangasacki, where they arrived about September 1st; they made every objection to going ashore, and asked for their own boats that they might try to reach China in them. Moreama, the government interpreter, among other falsehoods, told them they should be carefully taken care of ashore, and in six weeks forwarded to Batavia in the Dutch ship. One could have a little more patience with a people like the Japanese, if to their cruelty in carrying out regulations which they suppose necessary for their national safety, they did not add such gratuitous mendacity to de-



lude the unfortunates in their power. The men were questioned on board of the junk, and then carried to the "town house of Nangasacki," as they called it, in *kago* or chairs; as each man entered the door, he was compelled to step on a crucifix in the ground, and if he showed any dislike to tread on the sacred emblem, a Japanese attendant on each side pulled him back, or lifted him up, until both feet rested on it. McCoy was told that if any of the men had refused to go through this ceremony, he would have been put into an iron house, from which death would be his only exit. Boyd was pulled from one side to the other, as he showed some dexterity at dodging it, until he was forcibly fixed by his guard upon it. When in the town house, they were made to squat down, and shortly a *hissing* sound announced the governor's approach. They told him in brief they were shipwrecked Americans; but as it was now dark, the examination soon closed, and they were carried to a temple about a mile from the town, where they were lodged in a room surrounded by a fence thirty feet high, beyond which was a wall eight or ten feet high; their guard lodged under the same roof, separated from them by a grating. These accommodations were not so bad and strait as the cages and junk.

In a day or two they were all again carried to the town house, and questioned more minutely, but McCoy and Boyd had by this time learned enough of the Japanese language to know that the interpretations of Moreama were very incorrect. Partly on this account, perhaps, the examination was again put off to the morrow, at which time the *opperhoofd* from Desima was present. "He asked us," says McCoy, "what was our object in coming into the Japan seas? We told him we came in pursuit of whales. He then asked us if we came in pursuit of any other kind of fish;—if whaling was our only object;—and if we did not also come to spy out the country! We told him, No, we only came for whales. He asked us if we ate the whales; to which we replied, We made oil of them, &c.;—with more such conversation, after which we were carried back to our prison."

The suspicious rulers, having no truth themselves, were not satisfied with the superintendent's examination, and next day (September 6th) this testimony was all gone over again, and after it concluded, Moreama told them he doubted not they were spies, and came for no other purpose than to examine the country. The Dutch superintendent kindly sent them coffee, sugar, gin, and wine, and a piece of longcloth for Ball to make himself clothes. After six weeks had elapsed, he sent a letter to them, stating that permission had not yet come from Yeddo, but that the Dutch ship would tarry twenty-five days outside of the harbor; he also wisely cautioned them against quarrelling, adding that such unruly conduct would only aggravate their condition. In their reply to this note, the dispirited seamen expressed themselves as in a wretched condition, and begged him to

make known their case to some American consul, if perchance thereby a man-of-war might be sent to their relief.

Seeing no release come, the impatient McCoy escaped from his prison, by tearing off the boards from the fence and climbing the wall, in the vain hope of getting aboard of the Dutch ship lying off the harbor before she sailed. He travelled all night, and hid himself in the hills during the next day, till 4 P. M., when he made for the beach; a rain-storm induced him to hope the coast was clear; but he was retaken and carried back in a *kago* to his old quarters, and questioned as to his designs in escaping, and his object in spying out the land. He was put in stocks, and tied to the grating during the night, and the next day carried to the town house to undergo another examination, where the question as to his being a spy was again asked; though he told his keepers his only desire was to get aboard of the Dutch ship. He was taken thence to the common prison in the heart of the town, once the site of a church, and kept there by himself about three weeks. McCoy had by this time acquired so much knowledge of Japanese as to be able to talk with the people and his guard on most common subjects; but they were too carefully watched themselves to be free to tell him anything of importance. At the end of three weeks, thinking the Dutch ship had sailed, he despaired of ever getting away, and refused to take food. His guard told him he must eat, for that doubtless the emperor would give permission when he "thought good" for them to depart; and the governor himself sent an officer to inquire the reason of his abstinence. On the fourth day (November 16) he was taken to the town house in a *kago*, rather faint from his long fast, where he again saw his companions, and met Mr. Levyssohn. This gentleman informed them all that permission for their departure had not yet come, and that the ship had already waited five days beyond the twenty-five; he added that he had written to the American consul at Batavia, and endeavored to cheer up the spirits of the disheartened men by telling them that they were not among savages, and that there was no cause for fear, if release was long deferred. He also obtained a promise from the Japanese, that if McCoy behaved quietly he should be restored to his shipmates; which was done four days after.

After a month's detention, another escape was planned, by burning through the floor of their room and digging under the board fence; but only McCoy, Boyd, and Ball, got out, when the guard heard the noise and stopped the rest. These three made for the thickets behind the town, and directed their course south-westerly to the seashore, which they reached about two o'clock; but the barking of a dog turned them from their course, so that daylight surprised them before they could reach some boats they saw in a distant cove. Hiding themselves in the bushes during the day, they started the next evening for the seaside; but hunger compelled them to ask a peasant for food—he

kindly invited them to come into his hut and eat, and straightway went for the police, who arrested and pinioned the fugitives while at table, and returned them to the temple after an absence of twenty-four hours. Here their arms were tied up behind their backs so tight and high that, when the cords were removed after four hours' suffering, the poor fellows could not let their hands down without assistance. As a further punishment for their restlessness, they were then fettered on large stocks, McCoy's being the heaviest, (about three hundred pounds,) and laid in the outer yard during the night. In the morning, wet with dew and stiff from their constraint, they and all their companions were carried to the town-house. While proceeding thither, they imprecated the vengeance of their country upon their tormenters, who tauntingly replied: "If any officers from your country come here, we will serve them as we did the American commodore, last year, who was knocked down at Yeddo by a soldier; if the Americans took no notice of that, why should they look after you, who are only poor sailors? You are here now, and cannot help yourselves. If their ships come here, the priests will blow them to pieces."

At the examination, the governor remarked he was more convinced than ever that they were spies, by these repeated attempts to escape; and in order to secure them from injuring themselves, and save himself from anxiety by their trying to get out, he sent them all to prison, confining them in two small cages, which were enclosed in a larger one; McCoy, Boyd, and Martin were kept in one 18 by 8 feet, and the rest in another 18 by 12 feet square, the two being about six feet apart; both of them offensive, full of vermin, and open to the weather, and to be entered only by crawling in. The only furniture in them were lousy mats and a small washstand. The next night (December 17th) Mawy, one of the Hawaiians, hung himself in his cage, evidently by design, and not from aberration of mind. His corpse was put into a square box and buried in the Dutch burying ground; and when his comrades asked permission to accompany the body to its burial, their request was scoffingly rejected; though in the official report handed to Captain Glynn, it is asserted that the men themselves buried him. In view of the increased sufferings brought upon them all, the spirited attempts of McCoy and his shipmates to break loose were blameable, especially too, after one experiment had convinced them of the hopelessness of ultimate escape from the country. The fate of an American sailor belonging to a shipwrecked company two years before,\* who had been cut down when resisting the police, and died of his wounds from cruel neglect, should also have served as a warning, and was perhaps told them with that object—though here at ease and liberty, we are not going to judge the conduct of these imprisoned men in their natural desires and attempts to be free, very strictly.

\* The account of the loss of the *Lawrence* has already been published in our columns.

It was now becoming cold, and the snow and rain beat through the cages; no bedding, not even their own clothes, were given the wretched men. They begged hard for covering of some sort for Ezra Goldthwait, who was taken ill about Christmas. This man had been quite well, hitherto; he became delirious on the third day, with such symptoms of swelled and cracked parched tongue, pain in the stomach, and frothing at the mouth, that his companions in misery were sure he had been poisoned. His only protection was a thin shirt and trousers; but though the snow beat upon him as he lay on a quilt in his foul cage, his cruel keepers refused to return him his own blanket, only three days, when he had been sick three weeks, before he died. A physician came every day, whose prescriptions rather increased his malady. This poor man had smuggled a Bible into his cage, which he requested Martin to return to his relations in Salem, Mass. He died January 24th, the Japanese new year, and was buried next day, his keepers ridiculing the others for asking permission to attend the funeral, just as they did when Mawy was buried. Not long after his death, Waters was attacked in the same manner, but recovered as soon as his companions refused to give him the doctor's prescriptions. His guards told him one day that his coffin was made, the grave dug, and the day appointed when they were to bury him.

Their food during this time was rice and sweet potatoes for breakfast, rice and now and then a treat of three or four ounces of fish for dinner, and rice with boiled sea-weed for supper; tea was furnished for drink. There was little to break the monotony of their irksome captivity. They could not read the Bible, lest it should be taken away from them; and had no other books, or any means of amusement. A Japanese culprit was decapitated near their cage one day, but as only one could look out of the hole at a time, McCoy alone saw a lad running by the door with a head in his hand; the guards, to scare them, intimated strongly that such might be their own fate; but Martin says he cared very little about the threat. McCoy did most of the talking, and had become rather intimate with one of the guards, who, as a great secret, told him there was another American in prison in Nangasacki. He also learned from the same source the existence of the war between his own country and Mexico.

The day of their deliverance was now approaching, the letter sent by the Dutch ship having reached its destination and accomplished its purpose. On the evening of April 17th, they heard a single distant gun, and soon after one of the guard told McCoy, under charge of secrecy, he was sure it indicated the approach of a vessel; and if so, they would soon hear others from the forts to alarm the country and put the people on their guard, which they actually did while yet conversing. His shipmates commenced cheering; but by request of his good-natured informant, McCoy asked them to be quiet, lest suspicion should be aroused. In the evening he overheard

the guard cautioned by their superiors not to tell the prisoners a ship had come, and in the morning when he asked a relief guard what was the occasion of the firing, he was told they were scaling the guns. His friend coming on the guard on the 21st, McCoy learned it was an American ship-of-war come for them; but his informant added that her captain must wait until an answer was received from Yeddo before his countrymen could be given up to him, which would delay him between forty and fifty days, as the governor had no power to deliver them up without express permission.

On the 24th, the same day that Tatsnosen had promised Capt. Glynn, several high officers came to the prison, and Moreama informed the prisoners that in two days they would be taken to the town-house, and thence sent to Desima to be delivered over to the Dutch superintendent, for the purpose of being transferred to the ship which had come for them; and required them to give him all their clothes and bedding at that time. Accordingly, on the 26th, they were all carried to the town-house in *kago*, where they met McDonald and saw the new governor, who had arrived in Nangasacki since the ship. It is impossible to say whether it was owing to the change of officers, or to the decided tone of Captain Glynn, that the captives were given up; it is probable that the new incumbent was quite willing to accept Mr. Levyssohn's offer, and rid himself of so unpalatable a visitor as a foreign ship-of-war. The men were then taken to Desima, where they were furnished with an excellent dinner—a banquet to them after their fare of sea-weed, rice, and fish—and allowed to amuse themselves by walking about the factory grounds, while the boat was getting ready. On taking leave, they returned their thanks to Mr. Levyssohn for his kindness to them, which indeed was shown in so many ways and at so many times, as to call for their acknowledgments, and that of all their countrymen.

Ranald McDonald, the other sailor delivered up, was from the whaler Plymouth, Edwards, of Sag Harbor, who, in a spirit of adventure, left the ship according to a previous arrangement with his captain, in a small boat, intending to cruise along the Japanese coast, or cast himself ashore, as the winds or opportunity might favor. His boat was so contrived that he could capsize it himself, and an experiment he made the next day near a reef proved that it could be done without danger in smooth water. He first landed on an uninhabited island, which he examined throughout in hopes of finding traces of human beings, but seeing none he left it for the larger island of Timoshe or Dessi, about ten miles distant. When about half way over he capsized his boat and righted her, and then coasted along the shore till night. The next morning he saw some fishermen, who approached as he beckoned to them, and into whose boat he jumped, holding the painter of his own boat and making signs to go ashore. On landing, (July 2d, 1848,) they put sandals on his feet, and gently took him to a house, where a meal was provided for him and

a suit of dry clothes. He remained with these people eight days, but poor as they were and kindly disposed, they were under too much fear of their rulers to harbor him without permission or keep him without reporting him; and accordingly, at the end of this period, four officers from Soya arrived at the house, who carried him to the capital of the island, situated on the seashore in a north-westerly direction, and there confined him. His narrow quarters were enlarged at his remonstrance, and he passed a month here quietly, when a higher officer arrived to take him to a town called Soya, on the island of Yesso, about 25 miles distant.

Here he remained in confinement a fortnight, waiting for a junk to take him to Matsmai, where he arrived Sept. 6th, after a passage of fifteen days, including stoppages; he was allowed to walk about the vessel's quarter deck, but forbidden to hold communication with the men, or go on shore. We cannot find any of the islands or towns mentioned by McDonald, on our maps; but the length of time occupied in the passage to Matsmai, leads us to suppose them to be in the north-eastern part of Yesso. Though confined, he was treated kindly at Matsmai, clothed in a Japanese dress, and all his wants supplied, with the addition of even a few luxuries; among other things, he was furnished with a rude wooden spoon, cut out and left behind by one of the crew of the *Ladoga*, whom he was told had attempted to escape. He left Matsmai, Oct. 1st, and reached Nangasacki the 17th, where he was provided with a lodging in a temple.

On going ashore at Nangasacki, he was carried to the town house, but before going in, Moreama instructed him how to behave when in the presence of the governor, and ordered him to step on an image in front of the first door, which he said was the "devil of Japan." This plate, about a foot wide, was, as well as he could see, a rude picture of the Virgin and child, but the crowd pressing in, prevented him from examining it closely. He was compelled to kneel in court, and soon a *hissing* announced the governor, to whom he was obliged to make the Japanese salutation—bending down so as not to look in his face. On being asked his place of residence, he told them Oregon, New York, and Canada, in hopes to be delivered to the first American or English man-of-war which might come, and thus be the means of restoring the other men to liberty, who, for their restlessness, he thought would be kept prisoners for life. Many other questions were asked him, and among others, if he believed there was a God in heaven? He said, "Yes, I believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." He was taken away in a *kago* to the quarters provided for him, where he remained over six months until the Preble's arrival.

He was twice taken to the town house to be questioned, and also afterwards examined in his room. On asking for his Bible and other books, his keeper told him angrily "not to speak of the Bible in Japan, it was not a good book." McDon-



ald thought that one object of these interrogatories was to find out whether he had any friends in America who were likely to exert themselves to effect his liberation when they knew his captivity. His time was chiefly employed in teaching English to a few natives, among whom Moreama was his best scholar, though he thought he himself knew more of the Japanese language than his pupil did of English. He ascribes his kind treatment to his efforts in this line, as his scholars were both studious and inquisitive.

The arrival of the *Preble* caused no little excitement among the government people, and the next morning (April 18th) his guard showed him a list of the troops which had come into town in consequence, to the number of 3,504 men, making, with the ordinary garrison of 650, and those previously arrived, nearly six thousand troops, besides their followers—an extraordinary force. The day before his liberation, he was requested to give the relative rank of the commander of the *Preble* for the information of his keepers, which he did by counting in the order of succession from the highest chief in the United States: "First, he says, I gave the people, (which they could not comprehend,) then the president, secretary of the navy, commodore, captain, and commander; this rank was so high as apparently to excite their surprise." His information probably led to the change in the officer who went aboard the *Preble* the day of her departure.

#### CALIFORNIA.

[Even amidst the revolutionary heavings of Europe, we have considered the grasp which has been taken of the Pacific, to be the great event of our time. Flooded as we have been by reports from that region, which would fill all our paper, we are glad of the opportunity of copying from the *Independent*, of New York, a letter which is thus introduced by the editors:]

At a time when every item pertaining to California is sought for with so much avidity, a special interest must attach to these impressions of an observer whose justness and sobriety of mind, with his large reach of previous observation, and his settled habits of accuracy and fidelity of statement, render him one of the most reliable reporters from the Gold-land of whom we have any knowledge. We would trust him as we would trust our own eyesight.

The letter is dated

On board the U. S. Transport *Massachusetts*,  
At Benecia, Cal., July 16th, 1849.

We made the passage from the Columbia River to the entrance of San Francisco Bay in three days, but did not enter until the fourth in consequence of the fog. The *Massachusetts* being a steam vessel as well as a wind craft, our captain entered the bay with steam, thinking it perhaps would be more safe. We entered this magnificent bay June 20th, and came to anchor at San Francisco, being surrounded by more than sixty vessels of different nations. Since that period I learn that a much larger fleet has been at anchor there. We spent but two days there, as our cargo was designed for the "Army Depôt" at Benecia. Taking General Smith and

suite on board, together with the Hon. T. B. King, Member of Congress from Georgia, our vessel proceeded to this place, Benecia. It is spoken of as the future rival of San Francisco. It is situated on the straits of Carquinez, about thirty-five miles from the ocean. At present it contains a population of 400 or 500, including the officers and soldiers of the army. Buildings are going up as fast as lumber can be obtained. Several large vessels are now lying here, and two steamboats are in process of construction. The materials for one were brought out in the *Leonore*, and those for the other in the *Edward Everett*, both from Boston. The saw and hammer are busily plied, and in a very short period both boats will doubtless be running up and down this bay and the rivers emptying into it. Most certainly never were rivers more admirably adapted to steam navigation than the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Three weeks since I ascended the latter as far as the thriving town of Stockton, situated (by water) some 200 miles from the sea. It is a place already of much business, though three months since scarcely anything was done there. There are only two shingled buildings in the place, but many scores of tents, large and small. It is emphatically a "city of tents." Thither resort for supplies all the miners now digging upon the tributaries of the San Joaquin. When we were there everybody was in a great hurry, business was very brisk, teams coming and going constantly, vessels arriving and departing. I spent one Sabbath there, where there never had been a clergyman before, or a sermon preached. I was most cordially welcomed as a minister of the Gospel, and the service was well attended. Among the numerous clergymen just arrived, I doubt not that some one will be found to locate himself at Stockton, where I am certain he is needed and would be well received.

From Stockton I proceeded by land to Sutter's Ford, a distance of nearly seventy miles. The country is quite level, and such parts as are wooded are covered with a growth of noble oaks. At this place I spent the 4th of July. An oration was delivered by Dr. Deal, recently from Baltimore, a gentleman of high mind and religious character. He is a member of the Methodist denomination, and in the absence of a clergyman officiates with much acceptance. Near the Fort a new and thriving town or city is springing up, called Sacramento City. It is also a place of great business. Hither resort for supplies the miners now digging upon the Sacramento river and its tributaries. A person who has not visited these places can have but a very imperfect idea of the amount of business daily transacted in them. Literally in the very woods, under the shade of the oak and sycamore trees, merchants are doing a business that would do credit to towns of a century's growth. Every man seems intent upon his own affairs; and everything moves forward in the most quiet and orderly manner. There are no mayors, aldermen, or other city officers, neither court-houses nor gaols, and goods are everywhere exposed about the streets, yet I heard of no riots and no thefts. If I had not seen these things with my own eyes I could not have been made to believe them. In the American character there is the element of self-government that in an all-important sense supplies the place of civil organization. I never had before such admiration for American character as I have gained since mingling with my countrymen in this new and strange country. To be sure there is much to be deplored, but there is much more I do assure you to be admired and re-

joined in. It may be said that everything is in utter confusion and disorder; and yet every man feels safe in person and in property.

I left Sacramento City to visit the Mills, or Cuttonia, where fourteen months since the gold was first discovered. This town is situated on the south fork of the American Fork of the Sacramento river. It is a place of considerable importance. There I spent a Sabbath, and met the Rev. Mr. Roberts, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, on the shores of the Pacific. He preached in the morning, and I followed him in the afternoon. We had good audiences. The Methodists have already organized a class. The communion was administered during the interval between the services. Early Monday morning I left for the "Fort," and embraced an early opportunity to pass down the Sacramento to this place, [Benecia.] This is a beautiful river. Its banks for an hundred miles are beautifully skirted with overhanging vines and trees—the tall sycamore, the waving willow, the creeping grape-vine, mingling and entwining together, and forming in the mass a beautiful border to a beautiful river. We were four days in descending from Sacramento City to this place. I assure you from personal observation that the country watered by the San Joaquin and Sacramento with their numerous tributaries, has within it the elements of immense mineral and agricultural wealth. The mighty movements of the last twelve months, with reference to California, are barely commensurate with the natural resources of the country. The decree has gone forth. Here must arise powerful cities—here must centre a vast commerce. God has not kept this region, with its noble bay, its mines, and its wealth, locked up from man for so many centuries without good and sufficient cause. The time has now come to open these treasures, and to invite hither a race of as enterprising men as ever directed the business and the commerce of any nation. Vast results must follow. Within sight of the deck of this vessel is *now* fitting out an expedition, or an escort to accompany an engineer, who will start, about August 1st, to proceed on an exploring tour across the Sierra Nevada range of mountains to Salt Lake. His object is, to discover, if possible, a FEASIBLE ROUTE FOR A RAILROAD! This mighty undertaking must and will be speedily accomplished. Other enterprises of a similar nature will follow. In view of all I must rejoice that God reigns, and that he claims this world as his own. With our limited view of things we may not be able to comprehend the mighty designs of Jehovah, yet hereafter we shall surely see that He has been at work.

In regard to the success of the miners I would remark that such as patiently and laboriously work average about one ounce of gold per day—some more and some less. Not a few get discouraged after a few days, and retire in disgust. Gold digging is no holiday work, but resembles canal and railroad work. A gold digger gets perhaps \$16, \$20, \$50, and it may be \$100, for his day's hard work, while the son of Erin gets six shillings; but of the two the gold digger works the hardest, and for the time being gets much the poorest fare. *Let no one think of coming to California to dig gold who is not willing to work hard, work early and late, work in the sun and in the mud, cook his own food, wait upon himself, sleep on "terra firma," risk his health, and endure an amount of hardship that he was probably altogether a stranger to if he lived east of Hudson river, or dwelt in rich New*

York, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. Multitudes will come only to be disappointed, and will return with far fewer pence than they crossed Panama with, or doubled Cape Horn. Before young men and old men give up good situations, sell out and emigrate to California, let them count the cost, and not blindly rush into poverty when they may fancy they are rushing into a fortune. While I thus write, I am fully aware that fortunes are now being made, and it may truly be said never could man ask for a more favorable opportunity than is here given to acquire property.

While at the "Mills" I learned that the Americans had taken steps to warn all foreigners to leave the mines. This has been done already north of the South fork, and from what I can learn it is the general impression that very soon none but American citizens will be allowed to dig gold in California. If this measure is carried out it will be done by the people themselves, *i. e.*, by the miners. So far as they have thus far moved in the matter, foreigners have obeyed at once the summons to depart. While I was at the "Mills" a company of Chilians had recrossed the river and left the mines. I think the same will be generally done by others, although I cannot speak with certainty. Americans reason in this way: neither Russia nor England would allow foreigners to dig in their mines, and why should foreigners dig in *our* mines? It is absurd to suppose that the United States government would send troops to drive foreigners from the mines, but let American citizens themselves now digging declare that no foreigners shall work in the mines, and the work is accomplished. But foreigners will still find abundant work, at high prices, in all the cities and towns, so that they cannot reasonably complain.

I must just allude to the slavery question. No fears need be entertained that slavery will be tolerated in California. The people will not allow it when once a State government is organized. Even now a master cannot retain his slaves. I saw recently a planter from Georgia, who brought from home a valuable slave; but no sooner did the slave breathe the pure air of California than he *freed himself*, and there was none to hinder. I see that a large company from Georgia think of bringing their slaves hither. Let them do so, and their slaves likewise will free themselves.

S. C. D.

From the London Times, Aug. 23.

#### THE CALIFORNIA MYSTERY IN ENGLAND.

WE are free to confess that our most careful researches have not, as yet, sufficed to enlighten us adequately respecting the actual condition of that mysterious region to which the adventurous swarms of two worlds have now, for nearly a twelvemonth, been drafted. We hear of the departure of scores of vessels for San Francisco; and the tide sets in the same direction, we believe, from half the harbors on the face of the globe. Yet, when we endeavor to ascertain, realize, or specify the nationality, government, constitution, products, climate, population, or prospects of this attractive province, we still find ourselves as wholly in the dark as before the first discovery of its mines. The reader shall see, however, what we have collected, by dint of washing, sifting, and storing, since our last notice of the subject. A great man once said that it was

no wonder if Oxford and Cambridge were such learned places considering how much knowledge was yearly carried thither, and how little was ever brought away. We are almost inclined to apply the same rule to the settlements on the Sacramento. If California is not the richest country upon the earth, it soon ought to be; for all the available capital, whether in goods or cash, of the Indian Pacific and Atlantic seaboard, appears to be despatched to San Francisco. Even Hong Kong has been drawn within the sphere of attraction, and our Chinese intelligence this week reported that its warehouses had been swept of all goods suitable to the diggings, and that all the native craft in the harbor seemed making ready for the same port. On the other hand, the gold arriving from the mines was comparatively small in quantity, and the balance was sadly against the "placers." The loss upon shipments and the efflux of specie was sensibly felt both on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and the arrival of large consignments of bullion was anxiously expected in America, to quicken the approaching fall trade. All this appears the more extraordinary, when it is considered that the positive productiveness of the mines is really established upon irresistible evidence. There is one point, and one only, on which all accounts from San Francisco coincide, and that is, the inexhaustible supply of gold contained in the earth. By a little care, however, in collating the evidence, we may perhaps arrive at a conclusion which will reconcile these two facts, without involving any supposition improbable in itself. It seems that the rivers and ravines do undoubtedly contain supplies of gold which may, by comparison, be described as almost inexhaustible; for the precious metal has never before, we believe, been found in such abundance, or in such purity, so near the surface of the earth. But, on looking closer into the state of things, it appears that the labor required for its production, though of a more practicable kind than that hitherto employed in mines on a larger scale, is yet so trying, serious, and uncertain, as to make a good set-off against the average returns. In other words, a day's work in California will not ordinarily produce more than a fair day's wages; while, as to the general exports of gold, there is not only little prospect of their disturbing the accepted value of this metal in the market, but there is even every probability that for some time to come they will not repay the capital which has been invested in securing them. The more respectable of the American journals are now anticipating a commercial revulsion, though they still predict, sensibly enough, that after the fever of speculation has passed away, California will become a rich and populous state. The depositions of American sea captains upon the various wonders of the deep, are usually deemed such an equivocal source of information, that we hardly like to retail incidents derived mainly from such testimony. According, however, to these narratives, the whole North Pacific is swarming with ships and cargoes from every island in the ocean; and the harbor of

San Francisco, spacious as it is, can hardly contain the arrivals. Consignments are daily refused. Captains of vessels obtain £70 a month, mates £50, and sailors £30. Clerks on shore get £800 per annum and their board. Nothing is said about lodgings, a reserve which is perhaps but prudent, considering the notorious scantiness of sleeping houses in the new settlement. There is, however, an hotel, which is underlet for £9000 a year, a portion of which very moderate rent is made up by judiciously letting off a small apartment for a tap at £200 a month. One gambling room lets for £3,500 a year, two smaller ones for £1,200 each. There is even a French *café* in the place, the average receipts of which, night and day, have been accurately calculated at one dollar a minute. It is only from an incidental remark that we infer that the tastes of Anglo-Saxon emigrants have been consulted by the establishment of a brewery. A drayman, we are told, is in the receipt of £1,300 a year salary. Our readers will remember the famous story of the commercial firm which saved £100 a year in ink, by leaving out the dots to their i's and crosses to their t's; and perhaps some of them will hazard a calculation of what the Trumans and Buxtons of San Francisco must be doing, when the services of a drayman are so estimated. Certainly, such a scale of transactions is very magnificent, yet a good deal of the produce of California must needs, at this rate, be self-consumed. An announcement, by no means likely to escape observation, appeared some weeks ago, to the effect that the United States government had forbidden free access to the mines. Such a resolution was so probable in itself, that the only wonder was that it should have been so long delayed. We have not been able, however, to authenticate the report; and the latest accounts represent the richest region in the world as still the common land of adventurers. The actual property of the land is, it will be remembered, vested in the United States; but the province is not a member of the Union, nor is it supplied with any cognizable government, either by ordinances from Washington, or resolutions of its own inhabitants. It stands, in fact, on precisely the same footing as those desert wilds to the west of the American Union which have not yet risen into States by peopling or cultivation. The conflicting reports concerning the jurisdictions of Generals Smith and Riley are to be explained, we believe, in this way; General Persifor F. Smith is commander-in-chief of the division of the United States army occupying Oregon and California; Brigadier Riley commands the detachment stationed in the latter territory, and is consequently under the military orders of General Smith, although, as concerns the few civil requirements of his province, he corresponds directly with Washington. The only law recognized is lynch law, which is, however, administered through the medium of a jury, and, it is said, not inequitably. A large body of Mexicans demurred to this Anglo-Saxon institution, but their consent was peremptorily demanded, and in default thereof they would, it



was announced, "be shot down to a man." Amidst all these edifying representations, there are one or two facts clearly established. The markets in California are swamped with goods, and the mines with men; and our transatlantic contemporaries repeat, in words of most serious warning, that though success in this speculation is by no means certain to create competence, failure will inevitably entail utter ruin. The diggings are no places for the honest and well-meaning emigrant. The labor and hardships are sure, the gain problematical; and the probable result of the whole discovery bids fair to be confined to a supply of gold obtained with such toil and in such distant regions, that the net value of the produce will be reduced to an ordinary level.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

#### OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

BY M. POWELL.

OUR party was composed of ten persons—a very small number, when compared to the many mammoth companies forming when we left the States, who were to undertake the same journey. The belief was then quite prevalent that it would be unsafe to set out on the perilous and, I may add, arduous task of crossing the plains, unless in large bodies. Experience, the lamp that guides the shrewd, has ere this taught many the fallacy of the idea. Large companies, composed of a heterogeneous mass of insubordinate spirits, seemingly, were organized upon the principle that numbers, with the capital that numbers would command, was the all-important object to be attained for protection and success. On the contrary, joint stock companies have all the disadvantages without any of the real benefits that tend to insure a pleasant and speedy expedition. The restless spirit natural to adventurous men soon breaks out in complaints against the officers for some real or fancied neglect of duty, while others lament that they have to bear more than their proportion of the hardships of the journey; and there is another class that find fault with everything that is done, without their views being first consulted, or else the idea originated with them; and lastly, there are those who are soon disheartened, and lag behind, and in this way keep the more enterprising back, like the lazy student at college, until he is dragged on by his class, and put through by main force. These causes for disagreement generally result, before the company reaches the second fort, in a disorganization, and the adoption of the motto, "Every one for himself," or, the formation of small parties, and in this way they are more likely to succeed.

We left St. Joseph early in June. It was a beautiful day. Beneath the brilliant and cloudless sky all nature seemed to wear a countenance of cheerfulness, and the resplendent rays of a morning sun made the large drops of dew, that hung from each leaf and twig, sparkle like a thousand diamonds. The clouds of dappled gray, that in the east first denoted the approach of morning, had

no sooner faded away than the green trees sung their song in the notes of the feathered tribe that everywhere filled their branches. All turned to take a parting look at the last white settlement that we should see before reaching the end of our journey. There it calmly lay, as if asleep, with its neat white houses shining out from the dark green foliage, while the diversified face of nature, in hill, valley, and plain, rendered the view extremely beautiful. It seemed to disappear behind us upon the verge of two immensities—civilization upon the one hand, and barbarism upon the other.

We crossed the Missouri, and pursued the well-worn road, winding our way with sad hearts, for our thoughts were far off with those at home, whom we might never again behold—all before us seemed enveloped in the dark pall of uncertainty, all behind us was the translucent sunshine of happiness and prosperity. Every one of the party became oppressed with thoughts peculiar to himself, and lost in reflection—each one preserved a moody silence. The scorching rays of a hot sun beat down upon us with intolerable oppression; but as we entered the woods through which our road lay, we consoled ourselves with the thought that the sunny part of the road was a kind of probationary state, to fit us for the enjoyment of the groves, with the pleasant air and cool shade incident to them. The first day's journey was rather monotonous. One of our party, Mr. Green, had for several days previous been suffering with premonitory symptoms of cholera, and he concluded to return. Reports from Rumor with his many tongues, that

From the orient to the drooping west,  
Makes the wind his post-horse,

brought to our ears accounts that the cholera had broken out with fearful violence among those who had preceded us, and strange stories were told of those who, being seized, were deserted by their company, and left to die uncared for and alone on the plains. One of the propensities of the human mind is to exaggerate, and circumstances of a simple nature need only distance and mystery to be attached to them, and the imagination will complete the story, and make marvellously cruel things out of trifles. We parted from our comrade with many regrets, but have not yet had any reason to believe these fearful stories that rumor blew in every eye, until tears did drown the wind.

The first night out our tent was pitched, and mules picketed in the forest, with supplies of wood and water close at hand. Soon after dark the sentinel was stationed, and we lay down, but did not get to sleep until "far ayont the twal." Our thoughts were of golden dreams in the future, and we were talking of plans to ensure success to our enterprise. Now, we would think of the novelty of our situation, of the restlessness peculiar to American character, and of the similarity of these expeditions to those that preceded us, by a few hundred years, from the old world, which history

has clothed in the garb of chivalry. The expedition of De Soto was for the express purpose of discovering the land of gold : he did not continue far enough west, and failed in his enterprise. Yet he found that which has immortalized his name, and his burial-place continues to have a monumental mark that will remain unchanged by age, and still roll on in its petty pace, from day to day, until the last syllable of recorded time.

Thus we lay in the silent forest of the far West, ruminating on the present and the past, as

Thought on thought, a countless throng,  
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,

until gradually we fell into drowsy slumbers, from which we were aroused by the sharp crack of a rifle, close by the tent. All sprang to our feet, and hurried out to inquire the cause. Our guard, the veritable Jim Cobb, had fired the shot, as he said, at a thief who was among the mules. Upon examination, two of our best mules were gone. All immediately gave chase in various directions, but it turned out to no purpose. When morning dawned, we could distinctly trace them from the pickets, and determined to follow. Lawrence, Cobb, Davis, Taylor, and myself, composed the party, and we proceeded on the trail of them for over thirty miles, when we met a party of Osage Indians, who told us, in answer to our inquiries, that they had met a white man with our identical mules, making all speed towards Fort Leavenworth. He was an expert thief, and probably had watched our party for the express purpose of making us part company with our invaluable property. We gave up the chase and returned, being compelled by the loss to abandon one of our wagons. From this encamping ground to the mission or agency station of the Sacs and Foxes, we found the roads almost impassable. The cholera seized Dr. Charles Duncombe, of New York, another of our party, and, at his urgent request, we left him in the care of the kind and gentlemanly Colonel Vaughan, commander of the station.

On the 18th of June, crossed the Neimhaw river, and entered upon the plains. We experienced much annoyance from the mules ; they are stubborn animals, and very hard to control ; sometimes in their freaks it is impossible to move them forward an inch ; the more you beat them the more obstinate they become, until they are at last pacified by being coaxed into a forward locomotion. The one I ride has thrown me twice, but without doing me any more injury than a severe knock on the head. He headed me, by planting his fore-feet firmly out at an angle of forty-five degrees, and with his head pretty well down, he gave a sudden rear with his hind-legs, that sent me over his head in a hurry. This kind of ground and lofty tumbling is very common, I understand, among novitiates in the mule-riding business.

We pursued our way through the sun all day long, and on the afternoon of the 10th of June, we were, to allow the Hibernianism, out of sight of land ; the eye searching in vain for a tree or

bush, on the broad expansive prairies ; nothing was visible but its coat of green, stretching far and wide, a continuous grassy bed, until its color melted away into the tints of the sky. When night closed in we had very little water and no wood. Being exceedingly tired, we were soon in a sound sleep, although the wolves kept up a fearful howling close about our ears. We were awakened at daybreak by the braying of the mules, and the lowing of the oxen, which formed quite a concert ; one that probably would not be quite so fashionable in the States as Biscaccianti's or Brienti's, but to us the signal for gearing up, and to breakfast ; and as the sun rides from his green bed, we are on the road for our day's journey. Have passed a large number of graves, a fearful mark of the ravages of the epidemic among the emigrants who preceded us. On one of them we could distinctly read the name of " William Chapman, of Cincinnati, died May 19th." It was traced on a rude board for a headstone, and also, " Dr. Ryan, of Ohio, died May 23d." Many other newly-made graves were along the roadside, and some of them were torn up by wolves, and the bones were scattered around bleaching in the sun. It was a sad sight to behold them, and one well calculated to fill us with gloomy bodings of the future. At one place the bones and skulls were so numerous torn from the graves and strewn over the prairies, that it resembled a field months after battle, where

Foe and friend mingle in the dust alike ;  
But now 't is o'er, like the wave sunk down.  
Moan the winds a requiem song,  
To spirits of the bones that bleach the ground.

After endeavoring to learn the names of the unfortunates, without success, we continued on, passing over these graveyards as quickly as possible.

On the afternoon of the 20th of June, reached the banks of the Little Blue river, after a journey of nearly a month. What a change has come over us ! so altered in appearance that we should scarcely be recognized by our most intimate friends.

Imagine to yourself, far out on the prairie, surrounded by teams and live-stock, a picturesque group, eight in number, with complexions tanned to a color partaking of a glowing twilight tinge, between a white and a black, or the shade between night and day, all with long shaggy beards and moustache, broad-brimmed hats, and red flannel shirts on—one washing clothes, another making bread, others shoeing the mules, and doing the blacksmithing in general for the company, the rest of the group carrying wood and water, and feeding the stock, and you complete the picture. We have no idlers, no loungers ; all are busy at something while there is light to see. The transition from our luxurious home fare, and easy manner of living, to pickled pork and salt bacon, and the hardships incident to an overland journey, are so great, as not easily to be conceived, except by those who are able to contrast the difference between them by experience. There is much ex

citement, and sometimes real enjoyment, in a border life, notwithstanding the hardships; something is turning up continually to give spirit to the party, and our fare we look upon in a matter-of-course way, until it is occasionally varied, when fortune smiles upon us, by a change to fresh, delicious game.

As we were toiling along one day, we were overtaken by a son of the Emerald Isle, all alone and on foot. He was not overloaded; his baggage consisted of a small bundle, hung on a stout cudgel, swung over his shoulder, the end of which rested in a huge fist, not unlike a brown loaf in resemblance. His walk was fast and steady; as he came up opposite to me, humming an Irish tune, I inquired where he was bound. "To California, sir," he replied, with a peculiar twinkle of his small gray eyes. The idea was so novel, to think that he would attempt a three months' journey, solitary and alone, across a country totally unknown to him, without friends, acquaintances, or provisions to last him any length of time, that I at first began to doubt his sincerity. But on he was going, and would soon have left our party behind, if it had not been proposed to him that he join our company. He accepted, and is now one of us. He has turned out to be an original genius, and witty, as you may well suppose. We have given him the name of "Tall Walker," although he disavows any claim to it, but says he was christened Pierce Flemming, in county Mayo.

Numbers of deer and antelope are to be seen, but too far off to get a shot at them. The huntsman of our company is Joseph Taylor. Who is there that has visited, for a few years past, the well known place of resort called Sportman's Hall, near Cincinnati, and not heard of the soul of good company and marksman, Joe Taylor! He still continues with his shot gun, or rifle, to be equal to any emergency with a possibility of success. Wild turkeys, ducks, and snipe are frequently brought in by him, after an absence of but an hour or two.

#### STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

On the 25th of June, encamped upon the open plain without wood or water. We are compelled to drink from the stagnant pools in the holes on the prairie, so intense is our thirst. The air is hot and oppressive. Dark clouds were looming up in the south-west, indicating the approach of supply in the stormy clouds. A thunder storm on the prairie is a fearful sight. All was rendered snug at our quarters, like any ship at sea, at the first distant sound of Vulcan's anvil, who is still forging the Ægion shield for Jupiter, not unlike the noise of

Armors, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The wagons were arranged to form a hollow square, with the tent erected in the centre; the mules were picketed at a short distance on the outside. The clouds rolled up, and drifted across the sky with fearful velocity. Various-sized birds went crying through the air, now flying almost

out of sight, now coming down again nearly touching the surface of the earth, and then again disappearing in the distance, as if in search of shelter, or fleeing from the impending wrath of the elements. The atmosphere became agitated, a light breeze blew into a gale. At short intervals the wind would lull, and then an eddy-wind would sweep over the plain, as if beat back from some far off mountain, sucking up the dust and smaller objects that lay in its path. The mules and other animals pulled away at the ropes, as if they, too, saw something in the appearance of inanimate nature, that warned them to flee from approaching danger. All becomes calm. It is too sudden to be of long duration. The cloud banks become more dense and darker—they seem to lie but a few yards above the surface of the earth. It grows dark as night. Of a sudden, the atmosphere is in a blaze; and, with awful rapidity, peal after peal of thunder makes the very ground tremble. As the first sheet of limpid fire illumines the darkness, instantly followed by a crash like the sound of falling towers—the terror-stricken animals burst their fastenings and run wildly before the storm. The flood-gates of the sky are opened, and everything is deluged with water. The ocean itself seemed lifted from its bed, and borne in a volume through the air; it burst, and poured down the whole of its contents on our devoted heads, in the far distant plains of the Anahuac. The violence of the tempest soon passed by. Long and difficult was the task of recovering our mules again, and it was not till after a race of some miles. Our quarters were rendered most uncomfortable, everything wet through—tent blown down, wagons upset, trunks burst open, and, what to me was a more serious loss than any inconvenience I felt, my writing materials were entirely destroyed. The storm was over almost as sudden as it rose.

And the firmament now glowed  
With livid sapphire. Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Without light, or fire, other than the light of heaven, we lay down upon the wet mattresses, and forgot our troubles as sleep, the universal leveller, stole o'er our brows with leaden legs and batty wings.

There are many things to cheer the emigrants while on their long march, and not the least of these is the news occasionally received by telegraph. Be not astonished when I tell you that the telegraph is extended along the road to California. I do not mean the great Lightning King, O'Riley's, but a line established by the emigrants themselves, for their own convenience. I will explain. At different points along the road there are sheets of writing paper nailed up high on the trees by those who have gone on before. They are generally headed with the name of the officers of each company, and from what state they came, and then commences a detail of events occurring



among them on the way up to this point, with the date of the time when they passed this telegraphic post. One day Taylor had been gone longer than usual on a hunting excursion, when it was determined to call a halt, and, as it was growing towards five o'clock, we concluded to pitch our tent and go no further that night. He had gone on before us, and we supposed probably turned off the road to follow an antelope or wolf, to get a shot, and in that way had fallen behind us. We thought it best to await his coming up. About an hour afterwards we heard him coming down the road, he being still ahead of us. His mule was loaded with game; and the first words we had from him, as he galloped within hailing distance, were, "More news by telegraph!" "What is it?" returned some half dozen voices at once. "Dupuy, of St. Louis, died of cholera yesterday; his company are six or eight hours ahead of us." I learned the news at the telegraphic station (an oak tree) about two miles up the road.

On the 28th of June, at morning's dawn, our little train pursued its way along the margin of the Little Blue river, and as the road turned to the left leaving the prairie far behind, I turned to take a last look at its broad green surface, and, with a sigh, involuntarily repeated the lines,

Oh! the prairie lea is the home for me,  
For there I am lord of all I see;  
The chase, the chase, o'er the boundless waste,  
And its grassy course for me.

We are now entering the Pawnee region. The vicious habits of the Indian tribe from which it takes its name are such, that all the emigrants are doubly vigilant while in their country, and it is customary to increase the number of the guard at night. Their thieving propensities are such that a white man will lose the very coat from his back and the boots from his feet, between sleeping and waking, scarcely being aware of it until fairly aroused, and then he becomes sensible of the fact that they have been stolen from him. The Arabian tale of the three sharpers that stole from the countryman, who was taking a goat to the Bagdad market, his goat, his mule, and his clothes from his back, without he suspecting it until too late, is a mere nothing to the stories I hear of these Indians. Some of them I will transfer to paper at the earliest opportunity. From the Little Blue river the road stretches across the country a distance of twenty-eight miles to the Platte river. We passed through fine bottom lands, a dark luxuriant soil, covered for the space of a hundred yards with buffalo skulls. The picturesque scenery surrounding the entrance to this valley, brought to mind the romantic myth of the Northmen. Imagination pictured among the bones, tall warriors drinking their fiery draught from the skulls of those whom they have killed in battle, and dancing their drunken war-dance in Odin's Halls, and on the mead of Valhalla.

Passing the low bottom lands, we reached the banks of the Platte river; pursuing its course a

short distance over rolling lands and dry hard soil, we at length reached Fort Kearney. The idea associated with what is termed a fort, would lead one to suppose it would comprise a block-house, with loop-holes to fire through, out on the enemy, or four walls enclosing a certain number of feet of ground, either square or oblong, with bastions and cannon, and a sentinel or two to keep up a war-like appearance. Not so with Fort Kearney. It is nothing more than a few mud huts, apparently built for a temporary purpose. It is situated on the north bank of the Platte river, opposite to Grand Island, three hundred and twenty-eight miles from St. Joseph. We reached it on the 30th of June, about mid-day, and encamped on the low plat in front of it. Found plenty of soldiers, and a blacksmith's shop. The latter we have had occasion to call pretty loudly for, considering the little experience each one of our party has had in that line of business. The venerable descendant of Vulcan, with his assistants, seem to be in great demand, as a large number of emigrants are waiting here to make repairs, and to give their mules time to recover from the effects of over-driving.

#### ASCENT OF MOUNT ORIZABA.

To the Editor of the Living Age.

WHILE looking recently at some of the back numbers of your valuable periodical, I observed an account of the expedition by a party of American officers to the summit of Orizaba, which, like most of the accounts from Mexico, published while our army occupied that country, contains many errors. I have thought, therefore, that an account of the trip by one of the successful party, might not be unacceptable to your readers.

The Peak of Orizaba, though situated nearly a hundred miles inland, is the first point which comes in view on approaching Vera Cruz from the gulf. Being visible fifty miles at sea, it is the most important land-mark to the sailor in those regions.

While the command under Colonel (now General) Bankhead, which was the first to march from Vera Cruz to the city of Orizaba, was "en route," (Feb. 1848,) the mountain being constantly in view, a trip to its summit was frequently discussed; and after our arrival at that place, the marvellous stories told by the inhabitants only increased the desire to make the attempt. All agreed that the summit had never been reached, though several knew or had heard of its being attempted. The difficulties to be encountered were represented as perfectly insurmountable; craggy precipices were to be climbed, gullies two thousand feet deep to be crossed, inclined planes of smooth ice to be ascended; to say nothing of the avalanches, under which, we were assured, all of the rash party daring the attempt would find a ready grave. These extraordinary accounts produced quite a different effect from the one anticipated, and the question was not who would go, but who should stay at home.

It was not, however, till the latter part of April that the weather was thought favorable, and secur-

ing for the proposed expedition the sanction of the commanding officer, we made our preparations with the view of overcoming all obstacles. Accordingly, long poles were prepared, shod with iron sockets at one end and hooks at the other, to assist in scaling precipices; ropes with iron grapnels were provided, to be thrown over a projecting crag or icy point; rope ladders were made, to be used if required; shoes and sandals, with sharp projecting points to assist in climbing the icy slopes, were also bespoken;—in short, everything that it was thought might be needed or would increase the chances of success, was taken along.

The selection of a route presented some difficulty, different ones being recommended—those by San Andres and San Juan de Coscomatapec particularly. In order to decide between them we endeavored to persuade some of the most intelligent of the citizens, who were acquainted with the country, to go with us. At first they consented, but as the time approached one after another declined, till finally, when the party was assembled for starting, it was found we were to go alone. Then, as some of us inclined to one route, and others to the other, we concluded to reject all their recommendations, and go direct to the mountain, following the path taken by the Indians engaged in bringing down snow to the city, as far as the limits of vegetation, and from that point to go round the peak to the side which would present the best prospect of success.

We left the city of Orizaba on the morning of the 7th of May, 1848, the party consisting of ten officers, including one of the navy, thirty-four soldiers and two sailors serving with the naval battery, three or four Mexicans and Indians as guides, and enough pack mules to carry our provisions and equipments. Our expedition setting out during the armistice, it was thought advisable to procure a passport from the Prefect of Orizaba to provide against contingencies.

About six miles from the city of Orizaba we passed through the small Indian village of La Perla; the inhabitants were very much frightened at our approach, but our passport soon quieted them, and when they came to know the object of our visit they seemed to regard us as the greatest set of donkeys they ever saw, telling us very plainly we could never reach the summit. Nothing daunted, however, we continued on, and immediately after leaving their village commenced a rapid ascent, and began to enjoy views which of themselves would have amply repaid us for our trouble. We encamped for the night at an elevation of about 7000 feet above the sea; the night was clear and bracing, but not cold enough to be uncomfortable.

The next morning was clear and beautiful, and after an early breakfast we were again in motion. The scenery was truly sublime, and ascending one mountain after another, valley after valley appeared in view; hills, which at first seemed mountains, kept gradually sinking at our feet, and the range of vision constantly extending, we

could not help making frequent halts to admire scenes which cannot be surpassed, and which at every successive turn broke upon our sight with redoubled magnificence and grandeur.

We were now in the region of pines and northern plants; the old familiar oak, the birch, and other trees unknown to the low country, were around us; the heavy undergrowth had disappeared, and we could almost imagine ourselves in our "dear native land."

Cultivation does not extend up as high as we expected to see it; we passed the upper limit at about 8000 feet elevation. About 12 o'clock, and at an elevation of rather more than 10,000 feet, the guides reported that mules could go no further, and not knowing anything of our route beyond, we were compelled to encamp for the night. A brother officer and myself, however, being on horseback, and feeling comparatively fresh, determined to go forward and explore. We concluded that it would not do to stop where we were, but that mules with light loads might go still higher.

Accordingly, next morning we again started, four or five of us going in advance to select a good place for our encampment, and also to explore the best route for the final ascent. We selected our camp on the verge of vegetation, and went forward by different routes far above the line of eternal snow.

Under shelter of a rock, and far above that line, some of the party found a rude cross, decorated with paper ornaments and surrounded by tallow candles. Its history we were unable to learn, but it gave rise to many reflections. Who placed it there, when was it erected, and what event did it record? were questions asked, but not answered. During our trip several parties of Indians passed us, who made a regular business of bringing down snow on their backs for the use of the citizens of Orizaba. The cross was probably erected by some of them.

On our return we found all our baggage brought up to our new encampment, notwithstanding it had been pronounced impossible, and on comparing notes, selected the route which seemed most practicable, and prepared for ascent next morning. The night was clear and cold, the thermometer falling below the freezing point; a heavy frost and frozen water reminding us very forcibly of "auld lang syne."

While sitting around our camp fires this evening, it was discovered that we had two flags in the party; the sailors, not knowing that one had been brought along, had carried materials and manufactured one in camp. It was proposed to get up a rivalry as to which flag should be planted first; but we came to the conclusion that, should the summit be reached, the honor should be equally shared. As night came on we enjoyed a most magnificent sight: the clouds gathered round the foot of the mountain so as to entirely obstruct a distant view, while the lightning's vivid flash, darting from cloud to cloud, was visible far beneath our feet; the sky overhead being bright and beautiful. We were

encamped at an elevation, according to the barometer, of 12,200 feet—about double that of the highest point of the White Mountains—while the peak still raised its snow-white head above us to a height nearly equal to that of Mount Washington above the sea, and seemed to frown down upon the pigmies who dared attempt to scale its giddy, and, as yet, unascended height.

At daylight on the morning of the 10th of May, we were again in motion; many of the party had already given out, so that there were but twenty-four persons to start on the final ascent. In a few minutes we were at the foot of the snow, and taking the route over which there appeared to be least of it, passed for half or three fourths of a mile over loose volcanic sand. On measuring the slope of this I found it to be  $33^{\circ}$ . It was by far the most difficult portion of our ascent; sinking up to the knees in sand, we seemed to go back about as far as we stepped forward, while the rarefied condition of the atmosphere made exertion painful in the extreme; indeed, during the whole of this day's ascent, it was impossible to advance fifty paces without stopping for breath. When not exerting ourselves, we could breathe comparatively easy, but the moment we moved we were forcibly reminded of our great elevation. I can only compare the sensation produced to that experienced by a person who, after running at the top of his speed, is ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

At length, however, we reached the firm rock, and it was quite a relief to be once more where we could use both hands and feet for climbing. But we were yet far from the point at which we were aiming, and before reaching it were to be many times sorely disappointed. A projecting crag far above would be hailed as the summit; step after step the weary body was dragged along till at length it was reached; but once there, it was found to be but the base of another still higher; this being overcome, another was discovered above. Thus, time after time, were our expectations crushed, till hope seemed almost to have forsaken us, and one after another dropped behind in despair. But "go a-head" was our motto, and go a-head some of the party did, till at length their efforts were crowned with success, and they dropped exhausted on the brink of the crater!

The crater is nearly circular, and variously estimated by different members of the party at from 400 to 650 yards in diameter. We all put the depth at about 300 feet. The sides are nearly vertical, and show strong and unmistakeable signs of fire, looking like the mouth of some gigantic furnace.

At the foot of this perpendicular wall was quite a bank of sand, or débris, which had fallen from the inner surface of the rock, showing a great length of time since the volcano became extinct. The bottom of the crater was covered with snow. Humboldt says its most violent eruptions were from A. D. 1545 to 1566; I have seen no record of an eruption since.

It being my desire to test Humboldt's altitude, I had taken the precaution to be as well prepared

as the circumstances would admit, and for that purpose had carried a barometer, the best I could get, which from previous calculations I deemed capable of indicating a height of from 300 to 400 feet higher than that given by him. I had also provided myself with a spirit-lamp and thermometer, for the purpose of taking the temperature of boiling water; on the march, however, the bottle containing the alcohol was broken and the alcohol lost. I therefore determined to test the combustible properties of whiskey. One of my first objects after reaching the summit was to make the observations, but on preparing the barometer the mercury sunk at once below the graduation!

I estimated the distance between the lowest line of graduation and the top of the mercury at two tenths of an inch, which gives—with corresponding observations in the city of Orizaba at the same hour—an elevation of 17,907 feet, and makes it the highest point on the North American continent. I do not think I could have been far wrong in my estimate, as the means of comparison were before me; but even supposing I was mistaken one twentieth of an inch, we still have an elevation of 17,819 feet, 98 feet higher than Popocatepetl, which is usually considered the highest point (5,400 metres, or 17,721 feet, as given by Humboldt). The temperature was just below the freezing point. My attempt to make whiskey burn was a failure. Since my return to the United States, I have observed the following remark in Humboldt's work: "Eight years before my arrival in Mexico, Mr. Ferrar measured Citlaltipetl, (Orizaba,) and he gives it an elevation of 5,450 metres (17,885 feet); my measurement, made from a plain near Xalapa, is 155 metres less (5,295 metres, or 17,377 feet)." It will be seen that my determination agrees very nearly with that of Mr. Ferrar.

We remained on the summit about an hour, planted the "stars and stripes," and hailed them with three hearty cheers; fired pistols over and into the crater to hear the report, collected quite a number of specimens, some of them of pure sulphur, and most of the others containing lime; emptied our bottle and left it, containing a paper on which were written, in pencil, the names of the successful party, and after remaining to enjoy the scenery, commenced our descent. The day was clear, but the atmosphere thick and smoky, so that we did not have the views we had hoped for; but as we believed ourselves to be the first who had ever looked into the crater, we felt amply repaid for our trouble.

Those who reached the summit were Major Manigault, 13th Infantry; Captain Lomax, Alabama Volunteers; acting Assistant-Surgeon Banks, U. S. Army; passed Midshipman Henry Rogers, U. S. Navy; a private of the Alabama Volunteers, whose name I do not now recollect; a Mexican, whom we had employed as interpreter for the Indians, and myself,—seven of the twenty-four who started in the morning, or of the fifty persons who started on the expedition!

The descent was by no means as difficult as the ascent; a slide on the snow or sand carried us



hundreds of feet down—a space which had required many weary steps to go up. About dark we arrived at our encampment, highly delighted with our trip, though very much fatigued and exhausted. All who made the final attempt were more or less affected either with violent headaches, nausea, and vomiting, or bleeding at the nose. The veils which we had provided for our journey did good service, but the face, particularly the lips, of all those who reached the summit, became so swollen and cracked as to be exceedingly painful, indeed to such a degree as to confine some of them to their rooms for several days.

At half-past 6 o'clock next morning we left camp on our return, those who had horses going in advance, and by riding very slowly, not out of a walk, and stopping on the way to gather flowers, we reached Orizaba at one o'clock, P. M.; only six hours and a half from the region of eternal snow to where frost is never known! We had a beautiful opportunity of observing the change of vegetation with the change of altitude; the lines were clearly and distinctly marked, and seemed to run nearly horizontal.

When we started on our return the sky was bright and clear, while beneath us rolled an ocean of clouds; we saw plainly when we were passing through them; there was considerable wind, and they were floating briskly about the sides of mountains; as we passed into them, the sky was shut out, and we were in a dense fog; in a few minutes all was clear below, and the day was cloudy!

After our return, the Mexican asked for and obtained a certificate, signed by all the party, that he had been to the summit; he said his countrymen would not believe him—many of them would not believe us, though one gentleman said he had seen us distinctly with his spy-glass, while on our way up; others contented themselves by saying, "Los Americanos son los diablos."

The difficulty of the undertaking had been greatly magnified; none of our preparations excepting veils were necessary. The sand is the most serious obstacle to be overcome, and by taking a more circuitous route from our last encampment, this might have been avoided. All that is required is a physical constitution capable of sustaining the fatigue, patience and perseverance.

Another party was spoken of, and some of us who had made the trip would have gladly gone again, partly in hopes of obtaining a better view, and partly to get more accurate barometric observations, but the glad tidings of peace cut short our plans, and gave us the more agreeable trip to—home and friends.

W. F. RAYNOLDS,  
Lieut. Top'l. Eng'rs.

Washington, July, 1849.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

#### THE STRAITS OF MAGALHAEN.

STRAITS OF MAGALHAEN,  
Schr. Empire, 22d April, 1849.

A VOICE from over sea! It should be freshened by the many winds through which it pierces, strengthened by loud gales, yet soft in its pleasant

CCLXXXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIII. 11

course over cool seas. Mellowed by distance, it should harmonize for a moment the spirit of one untimed by the jangle of Wall-street, or stunned by Broadway's dusty roar. Let an inhabitant of Babel imagine himself a lonely admirer of these inhospitable regions where civilized men can never live. Let those who are wont to fall into ecstasy at seeing their own pigmy highlands, fancy themselves here, lost in the surpassing, yet dreary magnificence of these Straits of Magalhaen.

"Dull as a voyage at sea," is a common proverb, but the Solomon who first uttered it had little poetry in his soul. Day after day we sail over serene waters, with a pleasant sun overhead and cool waves below, surrounded by sparkles of gay foam, and joyous in the very inspiration of motion. And in these southern latitudes, where are Larger constellations burning, mellowed moons, and happier skies,

we stand upon the deck at night, and feel strange emotions, till they find an expression in happiness, like the very waves we see around us, lifted from still depths to break in white beauty into the upper air. The gray and solemn albatross wheels wondering about us, the delicate petrel flutters in our wake, and myriads of the deep leap ahead as if to pilot us through their home. The storm, the calm, the breeze succeed each other, and continually excite emotions of wonder, or deep pleasure.

Some discomforts there are, to be sure, but all our loss becomes gain. Sea fare cannot at all times be most enticing to the palate, but sea air makes all food wonderfully toothsome. Then, our schooner is small and in her motions resembling "that Scot o' Scots, who runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular," but she frolics along as graceful as a kitten, and we are so accustomed to her antics that we may justly despair of finding a more comfortable couch ashore than a sea-saw board. The only serious deprivation is the absence of the morning papers; but never surely was European, political, or even California news, sought with such intense excitement as the daily bulletin of latitude and longitude. No political problem, long doubtful and finally solved by the freedom of a nation, could interest us half so much as to work our imaginary location upon the shifting waves, so despotically does Neptune rule the minds of all subjects in his vast dominions.

Sixty days of pleasant sailing, the last three weeks of fighting with pamperos and heavy gales excepted, found us in sight of the castellated heights of Cape Virgins, the eastern entrance to the far-famed Straits of Magalhaen.

These are classic waters. Through this narrow cut in the land, scarcely three hundred miles in all its tortuous course, bold Fernando de Magalhaen steered, and despite of unfitness of vessels and treachery of officers, accomplished that wherein Columbus failed, and opened a new highway to the Indies. For many years afterwards, this was supposed to be the only channel for ships, and many were the rich argosies that passed here with the fruits of sunnier climes: many too,

Which struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool;  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored their sides,  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Then Cape Horn was found to terminate the American continent, and few vessels, except those of simplest rig and smallest size, have since dared to attempt a passage from east to west through Magalhaen's Straits.

You will best understand the peculiar nature of this corner of the earth, by following us from Cape Virgins to Cape Pillar.

The first day was spent in painfully beating up to the first anchorage in Possession Bay, against violent gusts of wind, which lifted the tops from those deep green furrows, and drenched us with showers of inexpressible saltness. We anchored with our consort, the *Sea Witch* of Mystic, the pilot-boat *Anonyma*, seventy-two days from Boston, and the clipper *Eclipse*, eighty days from Baltimore. Though thousands of miles from home, at a distance where the distinction between States should be lost, and all viewed as a single nation, I was never more forcibly struck with sectional peculiarities, than when contrasting the slow, drawling reply of the Baltimorean, with the hearty shout of the Bostonian, and the bluff, independent hail of the Yankee smackman. The little fleet which had thus gathered in a single day, determined to sail in company through the Straits, and it may safely be said that four swifter vessels were never yet seen together in these waters.

At the second trial we succeeded in passing the first and second Narrows. These are each about ten miles in length and nearly two in width, the tide running through them full ten or twelve miles an hour. By seizing it at the favorable time, no danger need be apprehended, except from the heavy ripples in which many vessels have been lost. In three days we had passed the first of the three great divisions which nature has marked in the Straits. The region of sand hills and granite cliffs yields to one which appears almost delightful in comparison with what precedes and follows it.

Here the coast suddenly tends southward, and the Strait expands into a broad sheet of water, thirty miles in width and three hundred fathoms in depth. The hills are thickly clothed with trees to the water's edge, and were it not for the humid climate and boggy soil, man could gain his livelihood from the earth. As it is, the Chilean colonies of convicts at Sandy Point and Port Famine are supported from home. Rain fell every day while we were there, and in a continual flood for a full third of the time. In this kind of experience we can fully equal even our brother hunters for gold who trudged across to Panama.

Port Famine, the capital of semi-civilization in this quarter of the globe, consists of a few houses, inclosing a wooden fort, in which lie unmounted two honey-combed twelve-pounders and a brass field-piece, tightly spiked! Buenos Ayres also claims this country, and Chili thus arms herself against her rival in imbecility. There is a rickety apology for a fence—a stout cat might paw it

down—running around thirty or forty cells in four large styes, between which are gutters for streets, little stone islands for a sidewalk, and eighteen inches of mud for a pavement. I thought of New York! In each of these six-by-eight boxes, windowless and chimneyless, exists a family of convicts. About seventy from the fleet went ashore one evening, and saw a fandango. In Spain the dance may be graceful. Here, no wonder that the wretches pay one dollar a pound for soap, and make a good bargain at that!

Most vessels stop here needlessly for wood and water. Both can be procured as well, if not better, in most harbors further on, and time spent here is lost; for there is always a fair wind in this portion of the Straits, and many days must be spent at anchor before the Pacific is reached. Yet the water at Port Famine cannot be surpassed. Men of experience say that months at sea do not alter its taste.

At San Nicholas' Bay we saw a fair specimen of the Patagonians. This is that singular race of men which have so inexplicably lost half their stature in the last two hundred years! Magalhaen affirmed them to be nearly twelve feet high, Cordova and Sarmiento at least nine, Anson about eight, and our own school geography full seven. In truth, they measure about six feet, and are very strongly built. Whether time tears down tallness from men or from fables, is a point for conjecture. These Horse Indians, as they are commonly called, from their equestrian life, are friendly and very stupid. The *Tierra del Fuegian*, or Canoe Indians, are of the ordinary height, magpies in tongue, baboons in countenance, and imps in treachery. Many conflicts have taken place between them and sealing vessels. They are best seen at a distance.

At Cape Howard the main channel turns sharply to the north-west. Here end the two first sections of the Straits, and all plain sailing. The whole body of water is here divided into a thousand little channels to the Pacific, of which the best known are the Cockburn, Barbara, Gabriel, and Main Channels. The labyrinth of islands and sounds is so perfect, that a good chart is indispensable. Unfortunate, indeed, is the vessel in Crooked Reach, which has saved an unlucky sixpence in not providing several stout anchors and the best of cables, at home or at the half-supplied depot in Port Famine.

Here the navigation assumes a new character. Nine days in ten, gales of westerly wind prevail, and beat fiercely upon the adventurous vessel which dares to struggle with their power. Rain falls several times each day, and when that fails, showers of thick snow or stinging hail supply its place. There is a certain singular gust of wind very prevalent here, which the sailors have termed "woolliwaws." When a vessel is caught at night out of the harbor by rain, snow, hail, gales, thick darkness and woolliwaws, there will be little sleep on board. We were twice trapped in this manner, and always afterwards saved time and

labor by seeking a harbor at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Strangely enough, the temperature of these high latitudes is equable, and not very cold. The thermometer ranges from 40° to 50° Fahr. throughout the year. Decreased strength of winds alone marks the winter season.

In one day we sailed from San Nicholas' Bay to Borja Bay; leaving the region of thick verdure, passing grim Mount Sarmiento seven thousand feet above us, and struggling through a narrow island-spotted ribbon of water, with gigantic walls of granite overshadowing us from their immovable resting places. Cordova said that the mountains west of Cape Quod gave to this portion of the Straits a "most horrible appearance." They do indeed seem very desolate and uninviting, almost all terminating in sharply serrated peaks, or slightly rounding knobs of bare granite, but there is a savage grandeur, a wild glory, upon their lofty summits, which far excels the smiles of the softest landscapes.

At Borja Bay we found the brig *Saltillo*, which had sailed from Boston some time last year, and had already spent five Sundays in the Straits. We also received New York papers to February 17th, from the steamer *Panama*. She reported several vessels at the entrance of the Straits, and among them the well-known New York pilot boat, *Wm. G. Hackstaff*, which sailed one day before us. At Swallow Harbor lay the *Velasco*, of Gorton, and Iowa, of Sag Harbor. Thus our fleet was increased to six schooners.

Both harbors are most secure and picturesque, locked in, as they are, by lofty mountains. Right at the bottom of each, a magnificent cascade rustles down the sides of a broad, brown mountain,

With the foamy sheaf of fountains, falling through the painted air.

Few things can be more lovely than these harbors, inclosed by bare cliffs like gems set in granite. The weary sailor, who looks for no beauty, can never deny their comfort. The only objection to them is from the terrific woolliedaws that rush from the surrounding heights without a second's warning, and pounce upon the waters, gathering them into a narrow but boiling circle of foam, then skurry around, fan-shaped, in every direction, and with resistless fury. "These woollies are queer things!" exclaimed our skipper. "See how they tie the water all up in a little heap, and then throw it every-which way!" Even at anchor, the whole fleet rolls down in abject submission before them. Once, the *Anonyma's* clinker boat was torn from her stern, whirled over in the air, and sunk in a single second. It is fortunate that they last little longer.

It was only by a very painful beating that we passed English Reach, Crooked Reach, Long Reach, and Sea Reach. The gale was diversified only with woolliedaws, the rain with snow and

hail. Sometimes we are sailing along in rare sunshine, when a woolliedaw whirls a storm of sharp diamond hail into our faces, or a column of spray-beads to the very truck; forces our little craft down into the water, till a rushing flood swashes along her decks, then moves leeward in a brown and distinct whirlwind, till it hides one end of a lustrous rainbow, whose other extremity is splendidly defined against some rough mountain. Meanwhile the glorious sunlight is over all. From Port Famine to the Harbor of Mercy, near Cape Pillar, they continually increased in fury. The day before we left this latter harbor, there was a grand display of their impotent rage.

Our passage consumed twenty days, thirteen of which found us closely shut up in harbors. We overtook and passed square-rigged vessels, which had been weeks in the Straits, unwilling to return and unable to proceed. Few square-riggers can hope for a short passage; the difficulties in managing them in a channel, barely a mile wide in some places, are too great.

The passage from the Atlantic is thus mostly confined to small vessels. From the Pacific, passages are often made by ships in two or three days, and the only wonder is why more do not save the distance around Cape Horn. There are scarcely any dangers which are not visible, so bold is the coast and deep the soundings throughout the Strait.

Few portions of the earth can surpass this, so wonderful in the grandeur of its scenery. Here let the painter come—the poet too—all who love nature in her wildest moods, and can discern a mystic loveliness behind her frowns. Only the monomaniac gold-hunter views it with indifferent eye.

We have left the Straits of Magalhaen. Cape Pillar grows dim; Westminster Hall towers faintly afar; the sea-beaten Evangelists begin to loom in the evening sky, and Cape Victory, like a grim old warder, watches our departure in silence. On one side of us is the mighty group of *Tierra del Fuego*; on the other begins an immense continent, whose other extremity is near the North Pole. Before us lies the great Pacific.

PHIL. BRENGLE.

#### [MYSTICAL THEOLOGY—GROUND OF ITS INFLUENCE.]

THE most obscure theology of the German mystics hath a dialect peculiarly suited to it, which makes it intelligible to those whom a plainer system would disgust. There is a certain perversion of intellect which can relish nothing but what is dark and enigmatical; and though many of the speculations of visionary enthusiasts are, when accurately sifted to the bottom, nothing but plain and common truths, yet the moment they are brought out of the obscurity into which a wild and irregular imagination had thrown them, they lose all their efficacy, and that which is thoroughly comprehended ceases to effect.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 64, p. 206.



## SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE were not so fortunate as to be able to listen to the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its late meeting at Cambridge, but are glad to be able to adduce undoubted authority for its respectability and success. On 21 Aug., the last day, at dinner, Mr. Edward Everett spoke as follows:—

In my humble opinion, the transactions of the Association, at its present meeting, have been highly creditable to its members and to the science of the country. I had an opportunity in 1841 of attending the annual meeting of a similar association at Florence, consisting of between nine hundred and a thousand of the men of science of Italy and the neighboring countries; and in the years 1842, 1844, and 1845, I enjoyed a similar opportunity in reference to the meetings of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. It appears to me, that, in the scientific character of its proceedings at the present meeting, the American Association will compare advantageously with those of Europe. The number of men of science in attendance is much less; but I think the volume of this year's transactions when published will show proportionably as large a number of communications, on interesting and important topics, in most of the departments of science, and exhibiting as much original research and sound speculation, as the annual reports of any of the European associations. I make this remark with the less hesitation, because I have myself borne no other part in the scientific labors of the Association than that of a gratified and instructed listener; and also because among the circumstances which have enabled the Association to present such fair ground of comparison with its European contemporaries, no one can forget that European talent of the highest order is to be found in our ranks.\*

I think no one, sir, could have attended any considerable number of the meetings of the Association, and witnessed its course of operations, but must have been satisfied, if he had doubts before, of the utility of such an institution. A meeting of scientific men from every part of the Union, with the opportunity thus afforded for entering into friendly personal relations, is itself an object of no mean importance; especially in a country so large as this, and destitute of any one great metropolis. It cannot have escaped any one's observation, that much time, labor, and skilful research must have been devoted to the preparation of many of the memoirs, which it is highly probable would not have been bestowed upon scientific pursuits, under other circumstances. Much is gained, at all times, by the actual presence of the instructor, and the animation of the living voice. An impression is made by them, which is rarely produced by the lifeless page of the printed volume. I do not of course mean that lecturing can ever take the place of study; but it is an admirable assistant. Then, too, the meetings of the Association possess the advantage of affording, in the discussions to

which the memoirs are subjected, an opportunity for the friendly collision of intellect and the instructive comparison of opinions, which nothing but oral discussion can yield. These topics might be easily expanded, but I think I should undertake a very superfluous office should I endeavor more in detail, on the present occasion, to set forth the usefulness of institutions of this kind.

I am aware that it has been objected to them at home and abroad, that they do not lead to the discovery of truth. The question is frequently asked, in reference to the great European associations of this kind, what discoveries have been made by them? Well, sir, in this demand for *discoveries* as a test of usefulness on the part of associated or individual effort, there is no little vagueness and a good deal of injustice. It appears to me quite unreasonable, as an exclusive test of utility, to demand, either of scientific bodies or of single votaries of science, that they should make discoveries. If by "*discoveries*" we mean matters of fact before unknown, such as the discovery of the existence of the American continent, or of the planets Uranus or Neptune, or of the effect of vaccination, it would be shutting up the domain of science within very narrow limits to exclude from it all but a very few, who, to the greatest sagacity and generally also the greatest diligence, have united the greatest good fortune. If we set up this standard we should strike at the root not merely of this Association, but of almost every other specific form of scientific action. Discoveries such as I mention are, necessarily, more or less casual in their immediate origin; or, rather, there is a happy inspiration—an unexplained, inexplicable kindling of mind—which no logic can teach, no discipline certainly produce. That the globe was spherical, was not first conceived by Columbus; how happened it that he first formed the practical conception of reaching the Indies by sailing to the west? The perturbations of Uranus have been studied by astronomers for a quarter of a century; what inspired Leverrier and Adams alone, with the happy thought of deducing from them the existence of an undiscovered planet?

If we use the term "*discovery*," in reference to great general laws of nature, such as the Copernican System, the attraction of gravitation, the relations of electricity and magnetism, then the unreasonableness of objecting to scientific associations, that they have not produced and are not likely to produce such results, is still more apparent. Discoveries of this kind, even though apparently referable to single authors, to particular periods of time, and to distinct courses of research, are so only in a limited degree. They are the product of the whole condition of science at the time;—they are its consummate flower—its ripened fruit. Such discoveries strike their roots far into the past—they are not made; they have grown. The preparation of centuries has gradually opened the way for them;—hundreds of minds have taken part in the discovery, hundreds of years before it is made. At length the world

\* Among the activemembers of the Association at the present meeting were Professors Agassiz and Guyot of Neuchâtel.

of science is ripe for the grand result; the fullness of time is come; the gifted genius destined to put the last hand to the work is born, and the "discovery" is made; not seldom, perhaps in popular acceptance, with an exaggeration of its absolute novelty; an overrating of the originality of the discoverer and consequent injustice to his predecessors. Pope beautifully says:—

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night —  
God said, "Let Newton be;"—and all was light.

This certainly is very happily said, by way of epigrammatic eulogy;—but it would not bear scientific examination. The illustrious philosopher, as just and modest as he was great, did not so deem of himself. Were the laws of nature wholly hidden in darkness before the time of Newton? Had Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo thrown no light upon them?

So, too, and perhaps this is a still more important reflection, after the discovery of some such general law is made, the work of science is by no means exhausted. Even if it were true that scientific associations had no tendency to promote discovery, in either sense of the word, it might still be a matter of great importance, that they furnish occasions and facilities for illustrating and diffusing more widely the knowledge of the great laws of nature. This is a point on which, if time permitted, and I were addressing an audience of young men who needed encouragements to engage with ardor in the pursuit of science, I would gladly enlarge. I would say to them, fear not that the masters who have gone before you, have reaped the field of science so thoroughly, as to leave neither harvest nor gleanings for their successors. True, indeed, the Newtons have lived and taught; not to supersede and render superfluous, but to prepare the way for disciples and followers, not unworthy to be called the Newtons of after ages. The discovery of a great law is an enlargement, not an exhaustion, of the domain of science. Each new truth is a lever for the discovery of further truth. It may never be given again to the human intellect, (but who shall say that it never will be given?) to attain another generalization at once of such divine simplicity and stupendous magnitude as the law of gravitation. But I think it may with truth be said, that the system of the universe resting on that law has been more fully developed by the successors of Newton than by himself. It was believed in 1729 that the *maximum* of telescopic power had been attained; and the solar system, as then understood, comprised six primary planets and ten secondaries! There are now discovered nineteen planetary bodies which revolve round the sun, and (if we allow two satellites for Neptune,) twenty-one secondaries!

This important truth, that a great discovery not only leads to, but stands in need of, further researches, is most happily expressed in a fine apostrophe of the poet Cowley to the philosopher Hobbes, which attracted my notice as I happened into the bookseller's the day before yesterday, and

seemed to me so full of wisdom as to impress itself upon my memory. Cowley addresses Hobbes as "The great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies." Few persons, at the present day, would be disposed to admit the claim of the philosopher of Malmesbury to this magnificent title. But the strain in which Cowley proceeds, however uncouth in point of versification, is singularly acute and discriminating:—

Thou great Columbus of the golden land of new philosophies!

Thy task is harder much than his,  
For thy learned America is  
Not only first found out by thee,  
And rudely left to future industry,  
But thy eloquence and thy wit  
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized it.

The verse is rude, but the lesson is significant. Columbus may set foot on a continent before unseen by civilized man; Copernicus may sweep away the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic theory, and establish the sun on his central throne; and Newton may demonstrate the wondrous law which binds every member of the system—forever attracted and forever repelled—to that mysterious centre. But after all these great discoveries have been made, there is not only room, there is a crying demand, a great intellectual necessity, for further progress. Other discoverers, other philosophers must rise to unfold the consequences of these primordial truths;—to plant and people these scientific continents (if I may be allowed to carry on Cowley's metaphor) with new experiments and observations; to build them up with harmonious systems; to civilize them into a refined adaptation to the wants and service of moral beings.

This is the work left to the mass of the scientific community, and no one can reasonably deny that an association like ours is an approved and effective part of that system of concerted action, by which men advantageously unite themselves to accomplish desirable ends. And it is most cheering to learn from the example of the great discoverers that the materials for carrying on their work, the elements of further discovery—surround us on every side. There is no error more gross than that the knowledge of the great truths which form the glory of modern science must be directly sought from the depths of the heavens above or of the abyss below. Or if philosophical analysis enables us, in some degree, to penetrate to the mysteries of the earth we inhabit or of the mighty universe of which it forms so small a part, it is by virtue of laws and principles exemplified as clearly in the motes that cheaply people the sunbeam—as in the mighty spheres that are held in their orbits by the sun. The law of gravitation was suggested to Newton, not by the magnificent spectacle of a comet drawn down to the sun from the outskirts of the solar system, but by an apple falling from a tree to the earth. The glass which I hold in my hand, with the water it contains, is of itself a richly stored cabinet of scientific truth.—By the ancients, the water, believed to be a simple substance, was no doubt regarded chiefly

as the element designed to moisten and fertilize the earth, to quench the thirst of man, to separate Greece from the lands of the barbarians. By a great progress of art, it came to serve for the construction of a clepsydra. Modern science early took note of the expansive powers of steam. The Marquis of Worcester, Savery, and Newcomen attempted, and Bolton and Watt perfected, the machinery which has made the vapor of boiling water the life-spring of modern industry, and in the hands of our own Fulton converted it into the great means of commerce and communication around the globe. Questioned by chemical science, the same limpid element is made to yield to Cavendish and Priestley the secret of its gaseous composition, and thus becomes the starting point of no inconsiderable portion of our modern chemistry; teaching us at the outset the somewhat startling fact, that *aqua fortis* and the common air we breathe consist of precisely the same ingredients, in proportions a little varied. Physiology here takes her turn: and my friend opposite, who favors me with an approving smile, (Prof. Agassiz,) is ready to subject the contents of the glass to the creative focus of his microscope, and to demonstrate the organization, circulation, and whole animal economy of orders of beings, whose existence is apparent only under the higher powers. Not content with the harvest of science to be reaped from the water, our worthy president (Prof. Henry) is thinking of the glass. To his eye it is a tolerable cylinder. His mind runs upon electricity, induction, and the relations of galvanism and magnetism, to the illustration of which he has himself so materially contributed. Here we reach the magnetic telegraph—the electric clock—and their application to the measurement of differences of longitude, and the observation and record of celestial phenomena;—an apparatus so wonderful that, as we have heard in the sections, a child of twelve years old, who sees it for the first time, can observe and record the passage of a star over the wires of the micrometer, more correctly than it could be done by the most skilful observer in the ordinary way. Thus we are carried back to a more accurate observation of the heavens, by that electric spark which Franklin first drew from the clouds.

But it is time, sir, to think of performing the duty for which I originally rose to address you. It is one of the most pleasing incidents of the present meetings of the Association that they have been attended by so many ladies. Many of the members of the Association from a distance have been accompanied with their wives and daughters who, together with the ladies of Cambridge, have not only from day to day honored our social table with their company, but have given their diligent attention in the sections. The Association has, I understand, been favored in this way for the first time at the present meeting. I am sure I speak for all those who have taken part in the

scientific transactions, that they have been animated and encouraged by this unusual presence; and the persevering attendance of our fair friends to the close of the session authorizes the hope that they have been gratified listeners. How much our social meetings in this hall have been enlivened by their presence I need not say. I trust the example which they have set, the present year, will be followed at the future meetings of the Association. When we recall the names of Caroline Herschell, of Mary Somerville, and may I not add of our own Maria Mitchell, we need no arguments to show that the cultivation of science is by no means the exclusive mission of man. The time may come perhaps when my successor in the duty I now perform will be called upon to return the acknowledgments of the Association not only to the ladies who have honored the meetings by their presence, but to those who have contributed to their scientific transactions. I beg leave, sir, to submit the following motion:—

*Resolved*, that the thanks of the American Association for the Advancement of Science be given to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the Association with their attendance.

#### O'ER THE HILL.

ONE morning as he wended  
Through a path bedight with flowers,  
Where all delights were blended  
To beguile the fleeting hours:  
Sweet youth, pray turn thee hither,  
Said a voice along the way,  
Ere all these roses wither,  
And these fair fruits decay.  
But the youth paused not to ponder  
If the voice were good or ill,  
For, said he, my home is yonder  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again, high noon was glowing  
On a wide and weary plain;  
And there, right onward going,  
Was the traveller again:  
He seemed another being  
Than the morning's rosy youth,  
But I quickly knew him, seeing  
His unaltered brow of truth:  
But stranger, rest till even,  
Sang alluring voices still:  
But he cried—my rest is heaven!  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

The shades of night were creeping  
A sequestered valley o'er,  
Where a dark deep stream was sweeping  
By a dim and silent shore;  
And there the pilgrim bending  
With the burden of the day,  
Was seen still onward wending  
Through a "straight and narrow way."  
He passed the gloomy river  
As it were a gentle rill,  
And rested—home forever!  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!



## THE SHETLAND ISLES.

A LETTER FROM MR. BRYANT TO THE N. Y. EVENING POST.

Aberdeen, July 19, 1849.

Two days ago I was in the Orkneys; the day before I was in the Shetland Isles, the "farthest Thule" of the Romans, where I climbed the Noup of the Noss, as the famous headland of the island of Noss is called, from which you look out upon the sea, that lies between Shetland and Norway.

From Wick, a considerable fishing town in Caithness, on the northern coast of Scotland, a steamer, named the *Queen*, departs once a week, in the summer months, for Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, and Lerwick, in Shetland. We went on board of her about ten o'clock on the 14th of July. The herring fishery had just begun, and the artificial port of Wick, constructed with massive walls of stone, was crowded with fishing vessels which had returned that morning from the labors of the night; for in the herring fishery it is only in the night that the nets are spread and drawn. Many of the vessels had landed their cargo; in others the fishermen were busily disengaging the herrings from the black nets and throwing them in heaps; and now and then a boat, later than the rest, was entering from the sea. The green heights all around the bay were covered with groups of women, sitting or walking, dressed for the most part in caps and white short-gowns, waiting for the arrival of the boats manned by their husbands and brothers, or belonging to the families of those who had come to seek occupation as fishermen. I had seen two or three of the principal streets of Wick that morning, swarming with strapping fellows, in blue highland bonnets, with blue jackets and pantaloons, and coarse blue flannel shirts. A shop-keeper, standing at his door, instructed me who they were.

"They are men of the Celtic race," he said—the term Celtic has grown to be quite fashionable, I find, when applied to the Highlanders. "They came from the Hebrides and other parts of western Scotland to get employment in the herring fishery. These people have travelled perhaps three hundred miles, most of them on foot, to be employed six or seven weeks, for which they will receive about six pounds wages. Those whom you see, are not the best of their class; the more enterprising and industrious have boats of their own, and carry on the fishery on their own account."

We found the *Queen* a strong steamboat, with a good cabin and convenient state rooms, but dirty and smelling of fish from stem to stern. It has seemed to me that the further north I went the more dirt I found. Our captain was an old Aberdeen seaman, with a stoop in his shoulders, and looked as if he was continually watching for land; an occupation for which the foggy climate of these latitudes gives him full scope. We left Wick between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and glided over a calm sea, with a cloudless sky above us, and a thin haze on the surface of the

waters. The haze thickened to a fog, which grew more and more dense, and finally closed over head. After about three hours' sail the captain began to grow uneasy, and was seen walking about on the bridge between the wheel-houses, anxiously peering into the mist, on the look-out for the coast of the Orkneys. At length he gave up the search, and stopped the engine. The passengers amused themselves with fishing. Several coal fish, and a large fish of slender shape were caught, and one fine cod was hauled out, by a gentleman who combined, as he gave me to understand, the two capacities of portrait painter and preacher of the gospel, and who held that the universal church of Christendom had gone sadly astray from the true primitive doctrine, in regard to the time when the millennium is to take place.

The fog cleared away in the evening; our steamer was again in motion; we landed at Kirkwall in the middle of the night, and when I went on deck the next morning we were smoothly passing the shores of Fair Isle—high and steep rocks impending over the waters, with a covering of green turf. Before they were out of sight we saw the Shetland coast, the dark rock of Sumburg Head, and behind it, half shrouded in mist, the promontory of Fitful Head—Fitful Head, as it is called by Scott, in his novel of the *Pirate*. Beyond, to the east, black rocky promontories come in sight one after the other beetling over the sea. At ten o'clock, we were passing through a channel between the islands leading to Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, on the principal island, bearing the name of Mainland. Fields, yellow with flowers, among which stood, here and there, a cottage, sloped softly down to the water, and beyond them rose the bare declivities and summits of the hills, dark with heath, with here and there still darker spots, looking like blots on the landscape, where peat had been cut for fuel. Not a tree, not a shrub, was to be seen, and the greater part of the soil appeared never to have been reduced to cultivation.

About one o'clock we cast anchor before Lerwick, a fishing village, built on the shore of Bressay Sound, which here forms one of the finest harbors in the world. It has two passages to the sea, so that when the wind blows a storm on one side of the islands, the Shetlander in his boat passes out in the other direction, and finds himself in comparatively smooth water. It was Sunday, and the man who landed us at the quay and took our baggage to our lodging, said as he left—"It's the Sabbath, and I'll no tak' my pay now, but I'll call the morrow. My name is Jim Sinclair, pilot, and if ye'll be wanting to go anywhere, I'll be glad to tak' ye in my boat." In a few minutes we were snugly established at our lodgings. There is no inn throughout all the Shetland islands, which contain about thirty thousand inhabitants, but if any of the readers of the *Evening Post* should have occasion to visit Lerwick, I can cheerfully recommend to them the comfortable lodging-house of Mrs. Walker, who

keeps a little shop in the principal street, not far from Queen's lane. We made haste to get ready for church, and sallied out to find the place of worship frequented by our landlady, which was not a difficult matter.

The little town of Lerwick consists of two-story houses, built mostly of unhewn stone, rough cast, with steep roofs and a chimney at each end. They are arranged along a winding street parallel with the shore, and along narrow lanes running upwards to the top of the hill. The main street is flagged with smooth stones, like the streets in Venice, for no vehicle runs on wheels in the Shetland islands. We went up Queen's lane, and soon found ourselves at the door of the building occupied by the free church of Scotland, until a temple of fairer proportions, on which the masons are now at work, on the top of the hill, shall be completed for their reception. It was crowded with attentive worshippers, one of whom obligingly came forward and found a seat for us. The minister, Mr. Frazer, had begun the evening service, and was at prayer. When I entered, he was speaking of "our father the devil;" but the prayer was followed by an earnest, practical discourse, though somewhat crude in the composition, and reminding me of an expression I once heard used by a distinguished Scotchman, who complained that the clergy of his country, in composing their sermons, too often "mak' rough wark of it."

I looked about among these descendants of the Norwegians, but could not see anything exotic in their physiognomy; and but for the harsh accent of the preacher, I might almost have thought myself in the midst of a country congregation in the United States. They are mostly of a light complexion, and an appearance of health and strength, though of a sparer make than the people of the more southern British isles. After the service was over, we returned to our lodgings, by a way which led to the top of the hill, and made the circuit of the little town. The paths leading into the interior of the island were full of people returning homeward; the women in their best attire, a few in silks, with wind-tanned faces. We saw them disappearing, one after another, in the hollows, or over the dark, bare hill tops. With a population of less than three thousand souls, Lerwick has few places of worship—a church of the Establishment, a free church, a church for the Seceders, and one for the Methodists. The road we took commanded a fine view of the harbor, surrounded and sheltered by hills. Within it lay a numerous group of idle fishing vessels, with one great steamer in the midst; and, more formidable in appearance, a Dutch man-of-war, sent to protect the Dutch fisheries, with the flag of Holland flying at the mast-head. Above the town, on tall poles, were floating the flags of four or five different nations, to mark the habitations of their consuls.

On the side opposite to the harbor lay the small fresh-water lake of Cleikimin, with the remains of

a Pictish castle in the midst; one of those circular buildings of unhewn, uncemented stone, skillfully laid, forming apartments of such small dimensions as to lead Sir Walter Scott to infer that the Picts were a people of a stature considerably below the ordinary standard of the human race. A deep Sabbath silence reigned over the scene, except the sound of the wind, which here never ceases to blow from one quarter or another, as it swept the herbage and beat against the stone walls surrounding the fields. The ground under our feet was thick with daisies and the blossoms of the crow-foot, and other flowers, for in the brief summer of these islands, nature, which has no groves to embellish, makes amends by pranking the ground, particularly in the uncultivated parts, with a great profusion and variety of flowers.

The next morning we were rowed, by two of Jim Sinclair's boys, to the island of Bressay, and one of them acted as our guide to the remarkable precipice called the Noup of the Noss. We ascended its smooth slopes and pastures, and passed through one or two hamlets, where we observed the construction of the dwellings of the Zetland peasantry. They are built of unhewn stone, with roofs of turf held down by ropes of straw neatly twisted; the floors are of earth: the cow, pony, and pig live under the same roof with the family; and the manure pond, a receptacle for refuse and filth, is close to the door. A little higher up, we came upon the uncultivated grounds, abandoned to heath, and only used to supply fuel by the cutting of peat. Here and there women were busy piling the square pieces of peat in stacks, that they might dry in the wind. "We carry home these pits in a basket on our shoulders, when they are dry," said one of them to me; but those who can afford to keep a pony, make him do this work for them. In the hollows of this part of the island we saw several fresh-water ponds, which were enlarged with dykes, and made to turn grist-mills. We peeped into one or two of these mills, little stone buildings, in which we could scarcely stand upright, enclosing two small stones turned by a perpendicular shaft, in which are half a dozen cogs; the paddles are fixed below, and there struck by the water, turn the upper stone.

A steep descent brought us to the little strait, bordered with rocks, which divides Bressay from the island called the Noss. A strong south wind was driving in the billows from the sea with noise and foam, but they were broken and checked by a bar of rocks in the middle of the strait, and we crossed to the north of it in smooth water. The ferryman told us that when the wind was northerly he crossed to the south of the bar. As we climbed the hill of the Noss the mist began to drift thinly around us from the sea, and flocks of sea-birds rose screaming from the ground at our approach. At length we stood upon the brink of a precipice of fearful height, from which we had a full view of the still higher precipices of the neighboring summit. A wall of rock was before us six hundred feet in height, descending almost

perpendicularly to the sea, which roared and foamed at its base among huge masses of oak, and plunged into great caverns, hollowed out by the beating of the surges for centuries. Midway on the rock, and above the reach of the spray, were thousands of sea-birds, sitting in ranks on the main shelves, or alighting, or taking wing, and screaming as they flew. A cloud of them were constantly in the air in front of the rock and over our heads. Here they make their nests and rear their young, but not entirely safe from the pursuit of the Zetlander, who causes himself to be let down by a rope from the summit and plunders their nests. The face of the rock, above the portion which is the haunt of the birds, was fairly tapestried with herbage and flowers which the perpetual moisture of the atmosphere keeps always fresh—daisies nodding in the wind, and the crimson phlox, seeming to set the cliffs on flame; yellow buttercups, and a variety of other plants in bloom, of which I do not know the name.

Magnificent as this spectacle was, we were not satisfied without climbing to the summit. As we passed upwards, we saw where the rabbits had made their burrows in the elastic peaty soil close to the very edge of the precipice. We now found ourselves involved in the cold streams of mist which the strong sea-wind had drifted over us; they were in fact the lower skirts of the clouds. At times they would clear away and give us a prospect of the green island summits around us, with their bold headlands, the winding straits between, and black rocks standing out in the sea. When we arrived at the summit we could hardly stand against the wind, but it was almost more difficult to muster courage to look down that dizzy depth over which the Zetlanders suspend themselves with ropes, in quest of the eggs of the sea-fowl. My friend captured a young gull on the summit of the Noup. The bird had risen at his approach, and essayed to fly towards the sea, but the strength of the wind drew him back to the land. He rose again, but could not sustain a long flight, and coming to the ground again, was caught, after a spirited chase, amidst a wild clamor of the sea-fowl over our heads.

Not far from the Noup is the Holm, or, as it is sometimes called, the Cradle or Basket, of the Noss. It is a perpendicular mass of rock, two or three hundred feet high, with a broad flat summit, richly covered with grass, and is separated from the island by a narrow chasm, through which the sea flows. Two strong ropes are stretched from the main island to the top of the Holm, and on these is slung the cradle or basket, a sort of open box made of deal boards, in which the shepherds pass with their sheep to the top of the Holm. We found the cradle strongly secured by lock and key, to the stakes on the side of the Noss, in order, no doubt, to prevent any person from crossing for his own amusement.

As we descended the smooth pastures of the Noss, we fell in with a herd of ponies, of a size somewhat larger than is common on the islands. I

asked our guide, a lad of fourteen years of age, what was the average price of a sheltie. His answer deserves to be written in letters of gold—

"It's jist as they're, bug an' smal."

From the ferryman, at the strait below, I got more specific information. They vary in price from three to ten pounds, but the latter sum is only paid for the finest of these animals, in the respects of shape and color. It is not a little remarkable, that the same causes which, in Shetland, have made the horse the smallest of ponies, have almost equally reduced the size of the cow. The sheep, also—a pretty creature, I might call it—from the fine wool of which the Shetland women knot the thin webs, known by the name of Shetland shawls, is much smaller than any breed I have ever seen. Whether the cause be the perpetual chilliness of the atmosphere, or the insufficiency of nourishment—for, though the long Zetland winters are temperate, and snow never lies long on the ground, there is scarce any growth of herbage in that season—I will not undertake to say, but the people of the islands ascribe it to the insufficiency of nourishment. It is, at all events, remarkable, that the traditions of the country should ascribe to the Picts, the early inhabitants of Shetland, the same dwarfish stature, and that the numerous remains of their habitations which still exist, should seem to confirm the tradition. The race which at present possesses the Shetlands is, however, of what the French call "an advantageous stature," and well limbed. If it be the want of a proper and genial warmth, which prevents the due growth of the domestic animals, it is a want to which the Zetlanders are not subject. Their hills afford them an apparently inexhaustible supply of peat, which costs the poorest man nothing but the trouble of cutting it and bringing it home; and their cottages, I was told, are always well warmed in winter.

In crossing the narrow strait which separates the Noss from Bressay, I observed on the Bressay side, overlooking the water, a round hillock, of very regular shape, in which the green turf was intermixed with stones. "That," said the ferryman, "is what we call a Pictish castle. I mind when it was opened; it was full of rooms, so that ye could go over every part of it." I climbed the hillock, and found, by inspecting several openings, which had been made by the peasantry to take away the stones, that below the turf it was a regular work of Pictish masonry, but the spiral galleries, which these openings revealed, had been completely choked up, in taking away the materials of which they were built. Although plenty of stone may be found everywhere in the islands, there seems to be a disposition to plunder these remarkable remains, for the sake of building cottages, or making those enclosures for their cabbages, which the islanders call *crubs*. They have been pulling down the Pictish castle, on the little island on the fresh water loch, called Cleikimin, near Lerwick, described with such minuteness by Scott in his journal, till very few traces of its



original construction are left. If the enclosing of lands for pasturage and cultivation proceeds as it has begun, these curious monuments of a race which has long perished, will disappear.

Now that we were out of hearing of the cries of the sea-birds, we were regaled with more agreeable sounds. We had set out, as we climbed the island of Bressay, amid a perfect chorus of larks, answering each other in the sky, and sometimes, apparently, from the clouds; and now we heard them again overhead, pouring out their sweet notes so fast and so ceaselessly, that it seemed as if the little creatures imagined they had more to utter than they had time to utter it in. In no part of the British islands have I seen the larks so numerous or so merry, as in the Shetlands.

We waited awhile at the wharf by the minister's house in Bressay, for Jim Sinclair, who at length appeared in his boat to convey us to Lerwick. "He is a noisy fellow," said our good landlady, and truly we found him voluble enough, but quite amusing. As he rowed us to town, he gave us a sample of his historical knowledge, talking of Sir Walter Raleigh and the settlement of North America, and told us that his greatest pleasure was to read historical books in the long winter nights. His children, he said, could all read and write. We dined on a leg of Shetland mutton, with a tart made "of the only fruit of the island," as a Scotchman called it, the stalks of the rhubarb plant, and went on board of our steamer about six o'clock in the afternoon. It was matter of some regret to us that we were obliged to leave Shetland so soon. Two or three days more might have been pleasantly passed among its grand precipices, its winding straits, its remains of a remote and rude antiquity, its little horses, little cows and little sheep, its sea-fowl, its larks, its flowers, and its hardy and active people. There was an amusing novelty also in going to bed, as we did, by daylight, for, at this season of the year, the daylight is never out of the sky, and the flush of early sunset only passes along the horizon from the north-west to the south-east, when it brightens into sunrise.

The Zetlanders, I was told by a Scotch clergyman, who had lived among them forty years, are naturally shrewd and quick of apprehension; "as to their morals," he added, "if ye stay among them any time ye'll be able to judge for yourself." So, on the point of morals, I am in the dark. More attention, I hear, is paid to the education of their children than formerly, and all have the opportunity of learning to read and write in the parochial schools. Their agriculture is still very rude, they are very unwilling to adopt the instruments of husbandry used in England, but on the whole they are making some progress. A Shetland gentleman who, as he remarked to me, had "had the advantage of seeing some other countries" besides his own, complained that the peasantry were spending too much of their earnings for tea, tobacco and spirits. Last winter a terrible famine came upon the island; their fish-

eries had been unproductive, and the potato crop had been cut off by the blight. The communication with Scotland by steamboat had ceased, as it always does in winter, and it was long before the sufferings of the Shetlanders were known in Great Britain, but as soon as the intelligence was received, contributions were made and the poor creatures were relieved.

Their climate, inhospitable as it seems, is healthy, and they live to a good old age. A native of the island, a baronet, who has a great white house on a bare field in sight of Lerwick, and was a passenger on board the steamer in which we made our passage to the island, remarked that if it was not the healthiest climate in the world, the extremely dirty habits of the peasantry would engender disease, which, however, was not the case. "It is probably the effect of the saline particles in the air," he added. His opinion seemed to be that the dirt was salted by the sea winds, and preserved from further decomposition. I was somewhat amused, in hearing him boast of the climate of Shetland in winter. "Have you never observed," said he, turning to the old Scotch clergyman of whom I have already spoken, "how much larger the proportion of sunny days is in our islands than at the south?" "I have never observed it," was the dry answer of the minister.

The people of Shetland speak a kind of Scottish, but not with the Scottish accent. Four hundred years ago, when the islands were transferred from Norway to the British crown, their language was Norse, but that tongue, although some of its words have been preserved in the present dialect, has become extinct. "I have heard," said an intelligent Shetlander to me, "that there are yet, perhaps, half a dozen persons in one of our remotest neighborhoods, who are able to speak it, but I never met with one who could."

In returning from Lerwick to the Orkneys, we had a sample of the weather which is often encountered in these latitudes. The wind blew a gale in the night, and our steamer was tossed about on the waves like an egg-shell, much to the discomfort of the passengers. We had on board a cargo of ponies, the smallest of which were from the Shetlands, some of them not much larger than sheep, and nearly as shaggy; the others, of larger size, had been brought from the Faro Isles. In the morning, when the gale had blown itself to rest, I went on deck and saw one of the Faro Island ponies, which had given out during the night, stretched dead upon the deck. I inquired if the body was to be committed to the deep. "It is to be skinned first," was the answer.

We stopped at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, long enough to allow us to look at the old cathedral of St. Magnus, built early in the twelfth century—a venerable pile, in perfect preservation, and the finest specimen of the architecture once called Saxon, then Norman, and lately Romanesque, that I have ever seen. The round arch is everywhere used, except in two or three windows of later addition. The nave is narrow, and the central groined arches

lofty, so that an idea of vast extent is given, though the cathedral is small, compared with the great minsters in England. The work of completing certain parts of the building which were left unfinished, is now going on at the expense of the government. All the old flooring and the pews, which made it a parish church, have been taken away, and the original proportions and symmetry of the building are seen as they ought to be. The general effect of the building is wonderfully grand and solemn.

On our return to Scotland, we stopped for a few hours at Wick. It was late in the afternoon, and the fishermen, in their vessels, were going out of the harbor, to their nightly toil. Vessel after vessel, each manned with four stout rowers, came out of the port—and after rowing a short distance, raised the sails and steered for the open sea, till all the waters, from the land to the horizon, were full of them. I counted them, hundreds after hundreds, till I grew tired of the task. A sail of ten or twelve hours brought us to Aberdeen, with its old cathedral, encumbered by pews and wooden partitions, and its old college, the tower of which is surmounted by a cluster of flying buttresses, formed into the resemblance of a crown.

This letter, you perceive, is dated at Aberdeen. It was begun there, but I have written portions of it at different times since I left that city, and I beg that you will imagine it to be of the latest date. It is now long enough, I fear, to tire your readers, and I therefore lay down my pen.

From the Spectator.

#### DIXON'S LIFE OF HOWARD.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast amount of good really accomplished by Howard the philanthropist, and the claims (greater than the reality) put forward by a school, which imitated rather than succeeded him, it may be doubted whether even his name and characteristics are so widely known to this generation as his new biographer assumes them to be. Many of those who know them have learned them from Burke's panegyric, in which artifice and an ungainly use of technical terms are more conspicuous than nature or eloquence. Nor, strictly speaking, is this to be wondered at. Either man is an ungrateful animal, or so many present things claim his attention, that the mass of us can only find time to look at those heroes of the past whose actions, as the rhetoricians say, "influenced the destinies of nations," or whose works, deeply founded in the nature of man, are ever present, interesting and instructing. It is a truth, whether palatable or not, that those who either by word or deed assist in overthrowing an evil, are almost as quickly forgotten as the evil itself. If they obtain a "household word" celebrity, it is when they act as well as speak or write, and combine instruction with subversion, as in the case of Luther.

A close consideration, we think, will show that

\*John Howard, and the Prison-World of Europe. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dixon. Published by Jackson and Walford.

Howard's eminence was as a writer, though no doubt of a peculiar kind; for he travelled to collect his facts. Those facts were of a new and important nature, and collected with the purpose of improving prison-discipline, by showing the state of prisons throughout Europe. To the praise of first discovering the abuses of prisons, or of originating prison-reform, he is not exactly entitled. In 1701-2, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge appointed a committee to "visit Newgate and other gaols;" on which a report was drawn up by Dr. Bray. The report, indeed, was never published, and no known results were produced by it; but it showed that the subject had attracted the attention of a body of men, and we know not how far the results might spread in an age which did not so readily run into print as ours. In 1728 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols; and their report excited a general burst of indignation, steeled as the age was to hard usage, and produced an address to the crown to prosecute some of the offending parties. The comments of the essayists, the pictures of the novelists, albeit not affixing a sermon to their tale, could not have been without great effect on the public mind. In February, 1773, before Howard began his tours of inspection, if not before the idea of gaol-reformation had taken a distinct form in his mind, Mr. Popham had brought in a bill to remedy an urgent practical evil, and the source of many other evils, by abolishing fees, and paying the gaoler out of the county-rates. It passed a second reading, but was withdrawn, to be amended and reintroduced next session. In the interim, Howard had inspected many gaols, had accumulated many facts, had been in communication with Mr. Popham, and was ready to *prove* to Parliament the absolute need not only of this but further reformation. Great improvements took place, beyond the acts of Parliament, owing, no doubt, to Howard's exposures, and to his book, descriptive of the state of the gaols; but still he was fortunate in falling upon the instant of time. The ground was not only ready for the sower, but waiting.

We make these remarks to *account* for the immediate success of Howard, and for the great reputation he attained during his life (which time has failed to support); not with any view of depreciating his character or exertions. These were very great. He was a man whose labors in the cause of humanity were unceasing, and who ever carried his life and his purse in his hand. He was animated by that faith in his object, and consequent devotion to it, which is the source of all greatness, and perhaps of all success. He might fairly be accounted the first and greatest of the modern "philanthropists," were he not something far better. John Howard possessed prudence to guide his humanity; he studied the evils he would reform in the life, and rarely if ever proposed a remedy but what had been suggested to him by experience. He eschewed the wild excitement of public meetings, or the more intoxicating incense

of noble and courtly attentions. He went forth to hardship and labor, more like an apostle than a platform agitator; he daily risked his life among the filthy, the diseased, and the infected with the terrible gaol-fever; and he may be said to have died in the cause of suffering humanity.

We agree with Mr. Hepworth Dixon in thinking that the world should have a better account of the life and labors of such a man than yet existed; for even when biographies of considerable merit are extant, an age unacquainted with the hero requires more particulars than a contemporary is likely to supply, of the state of society in which he lived, the old condition of things on which he worked, and probably some account of his works themselves. Neither are the career and character of Howard without interest apart from his exertions as a philanthropist, since there is a curious interest in tracing the course of his life, and the manner in which he was thrown by events, and led by circumstances, into the field of public exertion and celebrity.

The father of Howard (and doubtless the *family*, had there been one) belonged to that straitest school of English dissent which substituted a starched sourness for the unnatural privations of the ascetics of the primitive and middle ages. He was engaged in business as a merchant, and retired on a fortune sufficiently large to leave his son and daughter an ample competence without any necessity for exertion. The day or year of John Howard's birth is uncertain, a consequence of his father's religious scruples. His monument in St. Paul's gives the date as 1726; but Mr. Dixon, who appears to have examined the subject fully, thinks the "balance of evidence is in favor of 1725 or 1726, though personal friends of the philanthropist have named 1724, 1725, 1726, and 1727." His constitution was feeble, his health always delicate, and in fact only preserved in after life by rigid diet. He lost his mother in early infancy, and was something very like a dunce at school, having no Greek, little Latin, and a very scanty knowledge of letters in the sense of literature.

Old Mr. Howard's determinations were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and his son on leaving school was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Watling street, with the large premium of £700. This pursuit was apparently not much to the embryo philanthropist's liking; for on his father's death, in 1742, he quitted the warehouse, a circumstance which shows the confidence his father's executors had in his prudence, since, at the very earliest date assigned to his birth, he was not then out of his teens, and according to the monument, only in his seventeenth year. His delicate health had probably suffered by the confinement of Watling street, for the first use he made of his freedom was to travel in France and Italy. He was absent about two years, and while in Italy gave a good deal of attention to art. As he subsequently spoke French sufficiently well to pass for a native, it is probable that he laid the foundation of his knowledge at this early

period, when pronunciation is more easily acquired.

On his return to England he lodged at Stoke Newington, taking care of his health, which was still precarious, and studying natural philosophy and medicine. Having reason to be dissatisfied with his landlady for inattention during an illness, he shifted his quarters; and having been, as he thought, saved from death by the nursing of his new landlady, he considered it his duty to offer her his hand. The swain was about twenty-five, the lady fifty-two—an ordinary-looking woman, a widow, and a confirmed invalid, though she appears to have been "a very kind, attentive, and cheerful woman, a good housekeeper, and an admirable nurse." She had also good sense enough to start objections to the proposal, but they were finally overruled by the arguments, if not the ardor, of the suitor, and Mrs. Loidore became Mrs. Howard. The match was as happy as such a match was likely to be; but the bride's health soon gave way, and she died in the third year of her marriage.

Her death left a vacuum in Howard's existence which he could not readily fill up. After a little while of undetermined quiet, he resolved to go to Lisbon, then just overwhelmed by the earthquake of 1755. But the seven years' war was raging; the packet Howard sailed in was captured by a French privateer; and he tasted the discomforts of military imprisonment, without any of those courtesies by which the usage of the established services softens the unpleasantness of restraint, especially to civilians.

Before the captured vessel was carried into the harbor, Howard says he was kept without food, and even water, for forty hours; to most men, an intolerable punishment, but his abstemious habits had well prepared him to bear such a trial—the commencement of a long series—without serious detriment to his health. When they were at length landed, he was confined, with many other prisoners, in the castle of the town, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy, beyond description, where they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment. At last a leg of mutton was brought and thrown into the cell—as horse-flesh is thrown into the dens of wild beasts—for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as best they could. In this horrible dungeon, thus fed, they were detained for a week. Six nights were they compelled to sleep—if sleep they could under such circumstances—upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps and noisome fever of their overcrowded room. Thence our countryman was removed to Morlaix, and subsequently to Carpaix, where he resided for two months on parole.

It has been preferred as a charge against Howard, that he behaved towards his keepers, or at least towards his captors, much à l'Anglais,—that is, with somewhat of contemptuous hauteur; (how singular that the English language should have no word to express that mixture of icy politeness and imperial reserve, which all over Continental Europe has become the recognized characteristic and distinction of Englishmen;) and this, though not stated on the best authority, is not unlikely in itself. Howard



had a very high sense and sentiment of honor, and an unconquerable disdain for the man who could be prevented from doing what was strictly right in itself by any fear of political or conventional consequences. It is more than probable, that a person of his mental and moral constitution would be apt to consider a privateer as nothing more than a tolerated ruffian, and deal with him accordingly. But once on shore, and placed in legal custody, he seems to have inspired every one who came into contact with him with respect and confidence in his uprightness. More than one occasion saw this exhibited in a remarkable manner. While at Carpaix, although not an officer, and therefore not entitled to claim any indulgence according to the law of nations and the usages of war between the two countries, he was yet permitted by his gaoler to reside in the town, upon his mere word being given that he would not attempt to escape. A similar kind of confidence was exhibited by the person at whose house he lodged. Though penniless, and a perfect stranger to his host, this man took him in upon the strength of his unsupported representations, housed, fed, clothed, supplied him with money, and finally saw him depart, with no other guarantee for repayment than his bare promise. Even official persons were not impervious to the charm of this great character; for, after some negotiation with these, he was permitted by them to return to England, in order that he might, with greater chance of success, endeavor to induce the government to make a suitable exchange for him, on simply pledging his honor that, if unsuccessful in his attempt, he would instantly return to his captivity.

His exchange was effected, and the necessity of returning to France obviated. He then set about calling attention to the sufferings of British prisoners in France, and addressed the commissioners of the sick and wounded upon the subject, depicting the miseries he himself had witnessed. He was thanked for his information, and steps were taken to act upon it; but, though the subject must often have recurred to his mind, he seemed to be satisfied with the particular remedy he had found for a particular evil. His mind was not only totally deficient in imagination, but even in that logical invention, or rather induction, which leads men to conclude the existence of many from that of few. It will be seen presently that the inquiry into the state of prisons was forced upon him.

From the period of his release, (which must have taken place in or towards 1756,) until 1773, Howard's life was again passed in retirement. He withdrew to his patrimonial property of Cardington, near Bedford, and devoted himself to improving his estate and the condition of his laborers; erecting a school, and beginning a system of popular education for the children of the poor. In 1758 he married a second wife, though his first love. He made the stipulation, suggested perhaps by experience, that in all cases of difference hereafter, his voice should decide. The stipulation appears to have been needless. Mrs. Howard was a very amiable woman, who consulted his wishes and forwarded his views in every way. During his married life, considerable improvement was made in the circumstances and character of the

poor. His example was followed by some of the neighboring gentry; and Howard is entitled to the merit of practically calling attention to that subject, which is now called the "condition of England" question. As this, however, was only to be carried out by the personal trouble and attention of those who had the control of it, and could neither be delegated to paid agents, "settled" by act of Parliament, nor dealt with in the gross, like slavery, prison-discipline, or even education, so far as reading and writing go, it has not made so much seeming progress as the last three. Howard also labored in his pleasant privacy to make up for the educational deficiencies of his youth; especially applying himself to natural philosophy, becoming a member of the Royal Society, and contributing three papers to the Transactions, though of a slight kind. The happiness of this quiet and useful life was put an end to in 1765, by the death of his wife. She was confined with her first and only child on Wednesday the 27th March, and on Sunday the 31st, she died suddenly. Howard had gone to church as usual; on his return Mrs. Howard was seized with a fit, and expired in his arms.

No tongue, (says his biographer,) can tell, nor pen describe the awful misery of the bereaved husband. \* \* \* By temperament Howard was calm and undemonstrative; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been an illimitable passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar—kept forevermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her demise, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with the son whose birth had cost the precious life, examining some plantations which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still; there was a pause in the conversation; the old man's thoughts were busy with the past; at length he broke silence—"Jack," said he, in a tender and solemn tone, "in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother; and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you."

For eighteen months after his wife's death Howard remained at Cardington, struggling to subdue his sorrow in attending to his people and his infant son; but nature at last gave way. Towards the end of 1766, his medical attendants ordered change of scene as the sole chance of safety. He went to Bath, to London, and in the spring of 1767 to Holland. He came back somewhat improved in health; but as soon as his son was old enough to go to school, he set off for another tour in Italy; whence he returned in 1770, but could not at first go back to Cardington. When he did, he resumed his old habits of supervision among the poor of the parish, which he always carried on with something of patriarchal authority. In 1773 he was chosen Sheriff of

Bedfordshire ; an accident (if it may be so called) which towards his fiftieth year opened up to him a new course of life, was destined to benefit mankind, and, in the usual mode of speech, "to immortalize his name."

To superintend the prison and the prisoners is a part of the duty of sheriffs, though not always properly performed, if at all. Howard was not a man to neglect *his* duty, and he soon found one great evil which he could not remedy. He saw, he said in his introduction to his work on prisons, some persons "who by the verdict of juries were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand jury did not find such appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them, after being confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler, in lieu of his fees." Had this been granted, it is probable that Howard would have been satisfied, as in the case of the prisoners of war, and stopped. But the bench, though "properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired, wanted a precedent." In search of one, the philanthropist journeyed into the neighboring counties. He did not find the precedent he sought, but he found the prisons in a terrible state ; and by dint of constant iteration the whole subject grew up in his mind.

The first stage of his inquiries was Cambridge ; the prison of which town he found very insecure, and without a chaplain ; here, in addition to the fee to the gaoler, the prisoner had to pay another to the sheriff, before he could obtain his liberty. He extended his journey to Huntingdon ; the gaol of which he likewise inspected. He returned to Cardington powerfully affected by the miseries which he had seen, but without having found the precedent of which he was in search. These glimpses, however, into the state of prisons, rather whetted his appetite for further investigation than allayed it ; and he had not been many days at Cardington after his return before he commenced a much wider range of inspection—taking in his route the large cluster of midland counties. His first point of observation on this second journey was Northampton ; where he found that the gaoler, instead of receiving a salary for his services, actually paid forty pounds a year for his situation ! This fact was not an unfair index to the material condition of the prison. The felons' court-yard was close and confined ; and prisoners had no straw allowed them to sleep on. Beds for prisoners were never thought of in those days. Leicester was next visited ; the situation of the gaol received his explicit condemnation ; it was pronounced incapable of being rendered either convenient or healthy. When debtors were unable to pay for accommodation—and it will be remembered that this would always be the case with honest insolvents, who had given everything up to their creditors—they were confined in a long dungeon, which was damp and dark, being under ground, and had only two small holes, the largest not more than twelve inches square, to let in light and air. The felons were kept in an under-ground dungeon—night and day ; but they

were provided with the luxury of coarse mats to sleep on. Altogether the place was close and offensive ; the court-yard was small ; there was no chapel ; and the governor had no salary, except what he could wring from his victims. At Nottingham, things were in much the same condition ; the gaol was built on the declivity of a hill ; down about five-and-twenty steps were three rooms for such as could pay for them ; the poorer and homelier prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception, only one of which was in use at the time—a cavern, twenty-one feet long, thirty broad, and seven feet high ; in this horrible hole human beings were sometimes immured for years.

Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, the counties of Herts, Wilts, Berks, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, with York Castle, and indeed the greater part of England, were visited in succession ; the miseries of the prisoner's condition, as well as the injustice of his detention, becoming forcibly impressed upon Howard. When, therefore, he came into connection with Mr. Popham, about to reintroduce his bill, Howard had collected a mass of facts too conclusive to be opposed and too shocking to be neglected. The House of Commons resolved itself into committee ; Howard was examined at the bar ; on the house resuming, he received what was equivalent to its thanks through Mr. Speaker ; and two bills were the result.

The first of these enactments, passed on the 31st of March, 1774, declares that all prisoners against whom no bills of indictment shall be found by the grand jury, or who shall be discharged by proclamation for want of prosecution, shall be immediately set at large in open court, without payment of any fee or sum of money to the sheriff or gaoler in respect of such discharge ; and, abolishing all such fees for the future, it directs the payment, in lieu of them, of a sum not exceeding 13s. 4d. out of the county-rate—or out of the public stock of cities, towns, and hamlets not contributing to such rate—for every prisoner discharged in either of the cases provided for by the statute. The other bill which became law on the 2d June, *i. e.* while Howard was resting from his labors at Cardington, authorizes and requires the justices to see that the walls and ceilings of all prisons within their respective jurisdictions be scraped and whitewashed once a year at least ; that the rooms be regularly washed and ventilated ; that infirmaries be provided for the sick, and proper care taken of the same ; to order clothes for the prisoners when they see occasion ; to prevent their being kept in underground dungeons, whenever they can ; and, generally, to take such measures as shall tend to restore and preserve their health.

Except an election attempt in 1775, to free Bedford from the shackles of the corporation, which having overthrown the power of Junius' Duke, then jobbed the borough—and two years wasted in 1779–1780, as the supervisor of a proposed penitentiary, during which time Howard could not get a refractory colleague to agree upon a site—his life was henceforth devoted to prisons and imprisonment. He revisited the gaols of England ;

he went to Scotland and Ireland—whose prisons he found, strange to say, in a tolerable state; he travelled oftener than once through France, Flanders, Holland, Prussia, and Germany; he visited Denmark, Sweden, St. Petersburg, and Moscow; he traversed Portugal and Spain, and again revisited Italy. The facts which he gathered on these journeys he gave to the world, with the conclusions he drew from them. When he had exhausted "the prison-world of Europe," he turned to the less loathsome but more seemingly dangerous subjects of the plague and the lazarettos. He visited the lazaretto of Marseilles in disguise, as in disguise he had traversed the whole of France; for the government, sillily sore at some of Howard's observations on the Bastille, had refused him permission, though officially made. Besides exploring the lazarettos of Italy and Malta, he went to Smyrna and Constantinople, exposing himself to the dangers of the plague, and the certainty of detention as a probably infected person. Returning to England in safety, he found his son a lunatic, the victim of profligate habits; for, absorbed in his own great mission, Howard had somewhat neglected his domestic duties, and left his son too much to himself and bad companions. There was nothing in hope or reflection to cheer him at home, and employment had become habitual. In 1789, he left England with the impression that this journey would be the last; and so it was. He died in the January of the following year, at Cherson in South Russia. With a feeble constitution, and between sixty and seventy, it is true enough to say that he fell a martyr to humanity, for his health was broken by his labors. In strict matter of fact, however, he died of a fever, caught, he imagined, from attending a young lady, contrary to his usual rule, which was to give his medical assistance only to the poor. It was his wish to be buried privately in a spot he had pointed out; but the local government, the military, and the people, followed him in long procession. His decease sounded like a knell through Europe; but perhaps the best proof of the sensation it caused is the fact that, though a private person, his death was announced in the London Gazette. The man who can overcome the stilted formalism of English bureaucracy must be a Hercules indeed.

The life and character of such a man deserves to be brought before a generation that was forgetting all but his name and some vaguely pompous idea of his doings. In this point of view the task has been exceedingly well performed by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The new materials he has collected have not perhaps the value he ascribes to them; but new materials (unless of a remarkable kind) were not needed. Enough existed to indicate the great characteristics of Howard's private life; his public life was accessible in his own works, and in printed records. What the age required was a book to supply its wants after its own fashion; for Brown's, however authentic,

was dull, and Aiken's, though of a higher kind does not tell enough, at least in the way our reading world likes to be told. This is done in *John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe*. The state of prisons and the condition of prisoners before Howard's time are succinctly yet sufficiently placed before the reader; the facts connected with Howard's personal life have been diligently collected, and are well brought out; enough of Howard's public autobiography (for such in fact were his explorations and his works) is exhibited to convey an idea of the nature and extent of his labors; the whole is well planned, and well executed, though in too artificial a style. Mr. Dixon belongs to the platform school, and *that* style is hardly fitted for a book. The necessity of saying a good deal when the matter does not furnish much to say, involves a mode of frequent comment—an *improvement* of the subject, which rather overlays the matter. A similar need induces digression; a passing or subordinate topic is dwelt upon till it carries the reader away and back again. Above all, "who peppers the highest is surest to please." Hence the tendency to an unnatural exaggeration in praise, and a sneering depreciation of opponents—

So over violent, or over civil,  
That every man with them is god or devil.

There is more of these traits in Mr. Dixon than is desirable on the score of perfect good taste, or a good style of biographical composition. But having chosen his tools, he uses them with effect; and in two great points of biography he is very successful—he keeps up the reader's attention, and impresses the life and labors of the hero upon his mind.

---

[MAN BORN TO SLAVERY.]

"THE pride and folly of our nature discover themselves together in nothing so much as in the pretence to liberty; for man was born to serve, and God has only left it to our discretion what master we will choose; we may serve Him if we please, and his service certainly brings us to that liberty we long for; but no sooner are we loose from his service, but we necessarily fall into the service of our own lusts and corruption, which is an infamous, and fruitless, and desperate bondage.

"We find the Pharisees boasting of liberty\* as their birthright, 'We were born free.' But our Saviour checks them with this answer, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.'† Alas! we overween and mistake ourselves. None are born free; Nature itself makes us bonds; and the unruly desires we are born withal, bring us to slavery unavoidable, unless we escape through the protection of our rightful master: 'If the Son make us free, then are we free indeed.'‡ It is therefore that Christ is called our Redeemer, that is, he who buys us out of slavery; and his service is our actual redemption;—that is, it instates us in that freedom which he has purchased for us."—Dean Young's *Sermons*, vol. 2, p. 311-3.

\* John viii.

† Ib. v. 34.

‡ Ib. v. 36.



## CHAPTER III.

WHEN at a late hour Noah and Pavel reached their home, they found a number of guests returning from the fair crowding the yard; so that Noah, in the general bustle, could slip off his sullied finery without Salome becoming immediately aware of the mishap that had befallen it. Pavel, contrary to his wont, that day entered the public room. It was full of carters, Jews, cattle-drivers, and peasantry, from neighboring estates, who were swallowing, for the most part in apathetic silence, jorums of brandy, the only refreshment demanded.

In the corner, however, into which Pavel had shrunk with one or two of Noah's younger children, three men, who had arrived together and occupied a little table to themselves, were engaged in eager discourse, attending but little to the presence of the children.

"How is Urbanski?" said a new-comer, who, after the first greetings, seated himself at their table.

"But poorly," said one of the men—"however, he is strong—he may afford to lose an eye or a tooth, and yet not be the worse off in the long run."

"Do you, his own cousin, say so?"

"Why, if one were to take things in the way you mean, there'd be no living possible—if one can't stand a beating one had as well be a lord oneself, ha! ha! ha!"

"He is always droll, is Joseph; I suppose, though, Urbanski does not find it amusing."

"I dare say not," put in, composedly, his cousin, "but that wont prevent my cracking jokes at him."

"Ay, but when it comes home to you."

"I'll howl like any other, but that is not often the case—luckily, I never struck the fancy of any one—what, with my squint and my red hair, I have not been pressed into the service as foot-man."

"Well, that's one comfort for you," said the other.

"To be sure it is, and I have another comfort—I am not of the village near the castle; that was the chief reason why my mother chose my father!"

"Well," said the third, who had not yet spoken; "I am with a widow lady. Now she sets up for an angel. There is little or no flogging on her estate; but then she worries the soul out of one. I'd compound for a flogging once a week if she liked the bargain—she inquires into one's illness, and poisons with her own decoctions. She is always fussy about one's private business, and patching up marriages whether people like it or not. One of her worst manias is that of adopting children. She can't pass a cottage and see an unfortunate brat, male or female, but she takes a certain fancy to it—whether weaned or not is all one—it is huddled up, just as it is, into her carriage, and the parents are expected to fall at her knees to thank her as if she had opened

paradise to them. The maids and the company ladies are all obliged to tend it—every one except a proper nurse. No one is to feed it but herself, and half the time she forgets it, and it fills the castle with its shrieks, and no one dare relieve its wants till her return. Then, when she has starved and physicked the child to death, she returns it to the parents, saying she has discovered it to be dirty and sickly. She has already killed several in our village in that way. When they are a little older, if she keeps them long enough, she crams them with all sorts of learning, but is sure, after a time, to tire of them—to say they are stupid and mischievous, and to give them back. She generally keeps a child about six months. Whenever we hear the roll of her carriage in the distance, I and my wife, we always snatch up, in great haste, any stray child of ours that may happen to be on the road, for fear she might see and take a fancy to it."

"As for us," said the fourth peasant, "we of Smichow, we fare well enough as far as the men are concerned, but the master makes a strange mess of it with the women—he lives like a perfect pagan; however, it's no concern of ours—on the whole, we are happy, and need not complain."

"The fact is, it's natural enough," interrupted Joseph, "that when people can do what they please they should often please to do odd things. My poor defunct mother used to say of a Sunday—for she was bedridden, and could not go to church—don't forget, children, to pray for the horses, that they may remain strong in health and in number, because, she used to add, with a sly wink, if they were to fail, you know, the lords would be for riding you."

"But even horses," said he who had taken Urbanski's part, the serf whose ill-treatment Noah and Pavel had that morning witnessed, "even horses will not always bear the spur."

"You are always grumbling, Ivan," said Joseph, shrugging his shoulders. "What would you have said in the time of my father, when the lord could take our lives? Now we frontier people know that neither the Emperor of Russia, nor Austria, will allow anything of the sort now. If Urbanski chose to complain even about his beating, his master would have to smart for it."

"And it's comfortable he and his family would be for the rest of their lives!" was the answer.

"No, no, Urbanski knows better than that."

"It all comes to this," said Joseph, "if the lord be kind, well and good; if he be bad, so much the worse for us."

A new comer, whose speech denoted him to be of the German portion of Poland, now joined the party.

"Ah, Michel, where do you come from?"

"From Lemberg—I drove there some cattle for my master lately."

"Anything new going on there?"

"All as usual; the great folk a-marrying, and

a-being born, and a-dying, and a great fuss made about it all. There was a grand christening, too, of one of our little Gallician lordlings, son and heir to the rich Count Stanoiki."

"I did not know," said Joseph, "he had married again."

"Yes, a Countess Sophia. \* \* \* She looks a proud dame enough."

"Is she pretty?" inquired Joseph.

"How should I know?" said the peasant; "little do I know or care about fine ladies in silk and velvet—we pay those silks and velvets dear enough, that's what I can tell. I never look at our old princess at home; for it's a princess we have, and as old as my grandmother; I never see her flaring dresses without thinking that the brighter they are the blacker is my own bread. By the way, talking of our princess, I must tell you a good joke about her." \* \* \*

But Pavel could hear no more. Sick at heart, giddy with the sudden intelligence of the birth of an heir to the lands of Stanoiki—a clear, undoubted, rightful heir—he rushed up stairs to his loft, there to exhale freely his rage and his sorrow. The little hope that had survived in his breast was now at an end. What could, at any time, be his dark, unacknowledged claim opposed to such a rival? But surely there had once been another gentle creature, fair and lofty as gentle, who had ruled paramount in those halls. There had been another child hailed with the same transports. Where was that gentle creature, and where that proud and happy child now? How was the new heir named? Did he bear the ill-fated name of Leon—Pavel's real name—Pavel's secret treasure—to which alone his imagination answered? Had he robbed him of that too? This boy would be his future lord. The thought was maddening!

The practical views of Noah had destroyed much of the boy's romance. He no longer believed Jakubka to be a witch, nor did he now think he was connected with the general; but still he clung to the notion that some secret tie had endeared him to the late countess. There was something so soothing to his pride and vanity in this delusion, that he would rather have parted with life at that moment than with it. The next morning he met the family later than usual. He was afraid lest his disturbed air might be made the subject of remark and inquiry; but the first glance showed him that here too bad news had spread consternation. Salome's lustrous eyes were dim, and her countenance was sad. Noah walked up and down the room with a brow of care, whilst Peter was clearing away the bottles and glasses which late revellers had left. Pavel made no greetings, but took his place quietly at the table where Salome usually laid out his breakfast for him; but he was not noticed. This was very unusual, and showed a great perturbation of spirit. It was one of the peculiarities of Pavel that he never seemed to take any interest in the concerns of the family, and he had been, in consequence, surnamed by the children and helps about the

house, "The Sulky Boy." So there he sat, with his elbows on the table, his head leaning on his hand, looking with cold, uninquiring eye at the obvious distress of Noah and Salome.

For a time they carried on their discourse in Hebrew; but Noah could contain his vexation no longer.

"This is the third loan the countess will have extorted from us since new-year. At first, when I brought her the rent of my farm on the proper day, I got praises for my punctuality—next, I was coolly asked to pay my rents in advance; even that I did; first one quarter, then another, but now a third term is demanded, and my lease is but for one more. Unhappy creature that I am! what shall I do? What does she want with all this money, that haughty woman!—to gamble it away at the card-table at home, or in regular gaming houses abroad!"

"You should n't speak thus, Noah, before a child," observed Salome, anxiously.

"But Pavel is no child, Salome. His mind is riper than his years—there's no harm done speaking before him."

Pavel answered this compliment by no protestations, but it was his cold manner that, strange to say, recommended him to Noah's esteem.

"Now I must either pay a third term in advance, or I shall be driven from the premises the moment my lease is out, in which case I am sure to lose the money already paid in, for she'll never return a stiver to me. Ah! poor wretched man that I am! losing the interest of all my money, and where am I to get the sum thus required of me? I must borrow it of a brother, and pay the interest on it myself. Well may the countess say she likes to let her distilleries and farms to Jews in preference to Christians—they pay better. I wonder when she could squeeze so much out of a Christian tenant."

Thus did Noah grumble for some time, and Salome's soothing accents were lost upon him; for he was hasty when not under the immediate control of Christian eyes.

"It seems to me," said Pavel, at last breaking silence, "that though what is demanded of you is unjust, you make no bad bargain of this place; I know enough of your affairs, Noah, to be sure of that; if it is more than you wish me to be acquainted with, you should n't have asked me to look into your accounts so often. Come, come, a lonely ale-house near the frontier is particularly convenient, and well worth paying for."

"Surely, surely," said Salome, "you would not betray us?"

"What should I do it for?" said Pavel.

"Smuggling is no sin," said Noah, Pavel's words giving a new current to his thoughts. "What right have governments to prohibit people from making their lawful trade?"

"These are things I do not yet understand," said Pavel with emphasis, as if the day would soon come when he would prove an adept in his friend Noah's system of political economy.

Noah's tragic vein being thus broken, he could not conveniently resume his indignant lamentations; so he made up his mind to set off for the next town, and endeavor to raise the necessary money. Being loath to trust his luck on this important occasion altogether to the Paradise apples, previous to his departure he emptied into his pockets—for he wore his every-day clothes—half a pint of fresh beer; as, confident in this potent charm, he sallied forth with a joyous air, Salome anxiously followed him with her eyes until distance hid him from her sight.

"My sons will have the same weary path to tread," she said, turning to Pavel, who had declined to accompany Noah, remembering but too well what he had suffered the day before. "You, too," she gently added, "young as you are, you have your trials."

All such advances on Salome's part, Pavel considered as so many insidious endeavors towards discovering his secrets, and he abruptly left her.

"I cannot gain that boy's friendship or confidence," said Salome to herself, as she gazed after him—"he has a dark temper of his own—I wonder what makes Noah like him so well."

When the Jew returned, it was easy to see from the expression of his face that the beer had been more propitious than the apples.

"I have succeeded," he said, "beyond my hopes. Not only have I procured the money on less hard terms than I had expected, but placed Aaron with kind people who'll take care of him—that is, for a consideration, which will prove another pull; but what must be, must be; my boys can't grow like wild beasts. And something should be done for you, too," he continued, turning to Pavel; "be candid with me, and tell me the name of your former friends. I am sure I could be of use to you if I had but your confidence. It is true your cousin tells me that every possible step has been taken; but this, I own to you, I don't believe. That man's assertions must be received with caution. Let me know the name of your former protector, and I will myself cause proper representations to be made."

"What for?" said Pavel. "I have strong arms and a strong will—I shall soon be able to earn my bread without king or count; and when I remember—" He pressed his hands upon his eyes. The lonely common—the stormy day—the ragged beggar woman—the flying carriage—flitted across his mind. "No! rather than owe him aught, or ask him for the bread I needed, I would die for the want of it!"

The Jew looked embarrassed. He had, in truth, that very day, with the help of a scrivener, got up a pathetic address to some high and mighty personage unknown, in the boy's behalf, and had it sent to the cousin to be placed, with due secrecy and precaution, in the hands of Jakubka. Noah thought it best to tell Pavel at once what he had done; the latter made no reply, but turned sulkily away.

One evening in August, a busy time in the

country, the alehouse was full, and the brandy, as usual, going its round, to the exclusion of every other refreshment. When all the field work was done, Pavel entered the common room, which he had of late more frequented than formerly. But how unfavorable soever this circumstance might be to the refinement of his mind, or to the development of his sentiments, thanks to Noah's example, it did not affect his sobriety. He had fully imbibed the Jew's horror for spirits of any kind, but he had latterly taken pleasure in the converse of those rude beings whose very approach had seemed to him pollution when first brought in contact with them. He could now understand their sorrows—they were likely to be his own; and their bitterness of spirit was congenial to him. This evening the group seemed dull enough, however. Nothing had occurred to stir up those apathetic beings who sought in brandy what the Turk seeks in opium, an equivalent for the activity of existence and of thought from which they are debarred. No newspapers, such as are found in the meanest hovel in Germany, are kept in Polish inns of this description. The people dared hardly speak of the great above their breath, and from anything political they were averse. Pavel was just thinking how much pleasanter a walk in the fields by moonlight would be than thus sitting in a close, dirty room, when the dull, rumbling sound of the daily diligence was heard without. It made its customary halt at the inn door, that the coachman might take his drop, as he called a stiff glass of brandy; and whilst Salome ran for the draught, a traveller descended from the top of the vehicle, declaring his intention of proceeding the rest of his journey on foot. The new comer drew all eyes on him; men of his appearance being seldom, if ever, seen in Noah's tap-room. He was a short, spruce personage, full of pretension, with frogs on the breast of his closely-buttoned surcoat, a foraging cap, long spurs, fierce mustaches bristling on either side of his nose like the whiskers of a cat, a worn, rakish air, a jaunty step, and an irritating insolence of manner. The boors eyed him with sleepy curiosity. The Jews stared with their national eagerness, ever sniffing out profit and a dupe. Pavel thought he had seen the stranger before—the face, the air, nay, the half-cane half-whip he dangled in his hand, were not unknown to him. Nor was he mistaken. This individual, a baptized Jew of Posen, was the courier of one of the most intimate friends of Stanoiki, deep in the confidence of his master, and selected by him as his agent in matters of political as well as private interest. For some months past he had ceased entirely to be the courier, and was now the agent only. He spoke many languages, had travelled much, and could assume most characters and garbs at pleasure.

Whilst rapidly explaining what he wished for supper, he contrived to interweave his directions with many artful queries about the neighborhood, and soon obtained a pretty accurate knowledge of the general character of those present. Two



things did not escape Noah's penetration; namely, that, despite the traveller's foreign airs and graces, he knew the country too well to ask for anything in the way of refreshment which he was not likely to meet with at that sort of place; and he never alluded to the illusory notion of a bed, but merely spoke of a bench and his cloak, by way of accommodation for the night. His inquisitiveness, too, about the boors, struck Noah as not perfectly natural in a man of his appearance.

The stranger took his seat at one of the tables where the better sort of peasants were regaling themselves with beer and honey, and said, in tones loud enough to command general attention:

"You've heard the grand—the glorious news!"

"No," said Noah; "is the world enriched by some new prince?"

"On the contrary, it has a king the less. Have you not yet heard of the revolution of July?"

The boors seemed to take little or no interest in this important intelligence, but the Jews flocked round the speaker in a trice, and their rapid, guttural exclamations filled the room with clamor.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "it cost the noble Parisians but three days—three days of fighting, and they were free!"

"Quite free?" said Noah, his eyes glistening.

"Why, yes—quite free. They have, indeed, chosen a king for themselves; but he is their king, they are not his people, and that makes a vast difference, you know."

"Surely," said Noah.

"When I left Paris a few days back, all was acclamation and delight at the triumph of the people. Yes, my friend"—this was addressed to Noah—"it is sublime to behold the joy of a whole nation!"

"What do they rejoice about?" said a stalwart Gallician peasant.

"What? Why, liberty, to be sure."

The peasant stared at him with vague, indefinite curiosity. "One king or another," continued he, "what does it signify?"

"Ay, my friend; but liberty, no robot! no tithes, no blood tax, malt tax, butter, and butcher tax, and tenths, and firstlings, and what not! Freedom is to pay one general tax and no more; to owe duty to one single master, and he so far off that it never inconveniences one; to have rights of one's own. The king cannot till his land with the cattle of the poor, and make them work the better part of the week for himself, and leave them only the fag-end of it."

At these words the indifference of the boors gave way. They started up and pressed round the stranger.

"And what do the lords do?" asked one of the elders among the peasants—"who tills their land?"

"The peasants, to be sure; and pretty well paid they are too."

"And how is that country called where all

these fine things are done?" said a mistrustful old peasant.

"France!" said, triumphantly, Loeb Herz, for such was the worthy's name, "far from here, and yet friendly to the Poles."

Once their interest and their curiosity roused on a subject so personal to themselves, the boors were like children. They drank in every word that dropped from the stranger as if it had been the balm of life; and the Jews were in raptures as he recounted the revolution of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, in a manner to electrify his auditors; the few latitudes that he permitted himself, so far as the real facts were concerned, being of a nature to render the account more palatable. Instead of the armed mobs of fauxbourgs, it was the peasantry from distant villages that had boldly marched to the capital, and forced it with their arms, scythes, and flails. Instead of granting the charte, Louis Philippe had abolished the robot in France. His brave peasants were no longer bound to their own villages, but might roam at pleasure all over the country. Schools were to be established in each village, and the villagers were, henceforth, to be judged and punished no longer by petty masters and their bailiffs, but by a general law—that of the land.

"Surely," said the old peasant, shaking his head, "you are laughing at us; you have come from afar to have your joke at our expense."

"No, no; what I tell you is true; you might read it all in the newspapers, if you had any, and had been taught to read and write; and that's why these, your rights, have been withheld from you."

Loeb Herz's master, an ardent Polish patriot, had contributed by his own personal bravery towards the great event that had not only changed the face of France, but was destined to shake Europe to its centre. He had instantly dispatched Loeb Herz, whose talents for intrigue were well known to him, on a secret mission to Poland, to pave the way in villages, and out of the way places, for the rising which the sanguine Poles were determined should at last liberate and restore their unhappy country. He could not have entrusted the mission to more able or more faithful hands. Son of an oppressed race, from childhood upwards the tool of others, Loeb Herz's secret sympathies were bound up in that yet pendant cause, pendant since the beginning of time, betwixt the high and the low, betwixt the few that command, and the many that obey—that cause ever agitated under various forms, never settled, which has steeped the earth in blood and the human heart in unutterable, unquenchable hatred. Where fate had cast him, there Loeb's heart had taken root. Born of the people, he cared but for the people. It was a glorious triumph to have his travelling and other expenses richly remunerated, his trouble overpaid, and to be thus enabled to preach his own doctrine, to work a channel for his own hidden but most cherished aspirations. He was paid

to rouse the sluggish peasantry against the foreign yoke; but he taught them to hate all yokes, domestic as well as foreign. On the other hand, it would have been useless to touch more exalted chords with the peasantry than were likely to vibrate in their hearts. However cloudy the understanding, or uncultivated the mind, there is none so dull or so barren but the seed of self-interest will spring up gladly within it, and none are so sublimated by refinement as to exclude its growth. This the adroit agitator well knew; and he sent the peasants home to dream of freedom, such as they understood it, a word till that day but little known to them. The Jews, who had at first listened with a livelier interest than the boors, had, the moment they perceived the dangerous ground the conversation was shifting to, skulked away one after another, terrified lest at any future period their names might be mixed up with the passages of that evening. Noah was half-inclined to remain; but the pleading eyes of Salome at last withdrew him from the fascinating Loeb, who was thus left alone with Pavel.

In the course of their conversation, Loeb Herz implanted in his companion's young breast those principles which he intended should one day bear fruit. So engrossed were they with this subject, that daylight still found them face to face; and after their frugal breakfast, Pavel accompanied his new friend to the nearest village, whose male population so frequently visited Noah's ale-house that he was enabled to give a tolerably correct account of them.

"Well, my young friend," said the agent, when about to take leave of Pavel, "I hope to see you in time a man, such as every Pole should be, hating all oppression, native as well as foreign. If ever you should wish to hear of me," added Loeb, thoughtfully, "here is the address of a friend of mine in Posen, who will always know where to send me a letter." So saying, he tore a slip of paper containing the address from his pocket-book. "But," he added, "should you leave this place, where shall I find you?"

"I can give no direction," replied Pavel; "I do not know yet what I shall do with myself."

"Tell me at least the village to which, or the lord to whom, you belong." Pavel shook his head.

"You are then free? or do you belong to crown lands?"

Pavel remained silent.

"Chance must direct me, then," said Loeb; "indeed, you have told me nothing about your circumstances—when we next meet, you must be more explicit. I may give you some good advice, and perhaps a good shove, forward; but as yet you are too young—another time, I hope we shall have leisure to improve our acquaintance."

The imagination of Noah and Pavel fed for months on the events of the Parisian three days, and the similarity of their sentiments made them more intimate than they had hitherto been. When the tap-room was empty, they spent hours, during

the long winter evenings, discoursing upon matters of this nature, and treating them after Loeb Herz's own fashion. The seed, too, flung among the boors, ripened; and they drank many an additional glass of brandy, though that might have been deemed an impossible feat, in trying to digest the mental food he had left for their discussion.

Spring came and went; but the interim had been one of unwonted excitement, even to the inhabitants of the lonely road-side ale-house. The struggle between the Poles and Russians had taken place; and Pavel had been so completely absorbed by his interest in the contest, that, in the wrongs of his country, he had somewhat forgotten his own. He had helped the wounded and the flying, executed dangerous missions, and of late, despite his youth, become somewhat initiated in the mysteries of the frontier. He had been present at a night attack, when his active limbs and bold heart saved Noah from much difficulty. All this was fast making a man of him, when a fortuitous circumstance again threw his thoughts into disarray.

One summer evening, as Noah and his family, including Pavel and Peter, were lazily watching from the gate the lengthening shadows over the flat and sandy prospect, their attention became roused by the approach of a travelling carriage-and-four. As it drew nearer it proved to be the commodious britzka of the country—not the vehicle known by that name in England, but one singularly elongated, padded throughout to the softness of a bed, and frequently serving that purpose, with plenty of accommodation before and behind for servants. There was nothing unusual in the circumstance, families of distinction being continually on the wing during summer; and as no such equipage ever stopped at Noah's humble tenement, beyond the first moment of vague curiosity, his eye took in the object with the rest of the landscape without any peculiar train of ideas being connected with it, when suddenly his interest was excited, and the whole family sprang to their feet with a cry of consternation.

Not far from Noah's home, a small stream, between steep and sloping banks, divided the road. It was innocent enough, being partially dry in summer, though in autumn and winter it swelled to a torrent, and was dangerous to the wayfarer. A few trunks of trees loosely tied together, stretching from bank to bank, and covered with a few boards, served as a bridge—a contrivance which did very well so long as it was kept in repair, but which required continual attention. On came the carriage at that furious rate which the people of the north delight in, and was half-way over the bridge, when, with a loud crash, it broke in the middle, precipitating carriage, horses, and servants, pell-mell into the brook. Some peasants, working in a neighboring field, flew to the rescue. Pavel was not slow in joining them; and, by their joint efforts, they got the carriage on its wheels, and raised the fallen. The horses, having been harnessed in the slovenly Polish fashion, with ropes—which, however, easily give way in a case

of emergency like the present—stood trembling in the stream, and alone showed symptoms of terror. Habit, indeed, inures one to everything; the ladies inside had not given vent to one scream. True, the carriage was, as we have said, so padded and shaped as to ensure them from personal harm; and the servants flung from the rumble met with a soft reception in the sandy bed of the stream. The peasants having hauled the britzska with difficulty—for the ladies refused to alight—up the opposite bank, were about to harness the horses, when they perceived that one of them had broken his knee, the shoulder of another was chafed, and the two remaining ones appeared much shaken. Pavel, whose only weakness was in favor of horses, hastened to inform the ladies of the incident, declaring it to be impossible that they should proceed immediately, and that there was a stable hard by, where every care and attention would be bestowed on them. Whilst he was speaking, two scornful black eyes were fixed upon him.

"The inn-boy—I understand—no, no; the horses will do very well."

"But won't they be in pain if they drag us on in that state, mamma?" said the soft voice of a child.

"I don't know," was the careless reply. "What I do know is, that I must be over the frontier before nightfall."

Pavel withdrew from the carriage door with a feeling of loathing for the lovely specimen of inhumanity who thus expressed herself; nor would he trouble himself to explain that high-bred horses, like hers, might easily, under the circumstances, endanger her own life. "Let her," thought he—"let her have her brains dashed out against the next tree; it will be one bad heart the less; and, as Noah says, there'll always remain plenty of them."

Pavel was mistaken. The lady was not at bottom worse-hearted than most people; but the habitual indulgence of an uncurbed will rendered her unmindful of sufferings that never could approach her. Perhaps, had she thought twice about the matter, she would have controlled her impatience to proceed, which now manifested itself in peremptory orders to the postilions. Fate, however, interposed an unforeseen obstacle. Scarcely had the britzska moved a few paces when it was found to be in no condition for the road; and its occupants were at length obliged to descend and enter the inn, the carriage being dragged after them, and the horses safely stabled. Pavel's first care was, assisted by Peter, to examine their hurts; and having washed them and applied what he thought necessary, he entered the common room, where the party was assembled.

It consisted of a lady, no longer in her prime, but still beautiful; a young female, who seemed to be a humble companion; a couple of maid-servants; and a lovely little girl, about ten years old.

"Well, I suppose," said the elder lady, "our britzska, which broke down yesterday, will pass

this way presently, when I shall take possession of it, and some of my people will wait here till this is mended. On the whole," she added, with a merry laugh, that was echoed by the rest, "we have been fortunate this journey, having upset but three times. The roads are really getting better. I remember, when travelling with my mother, we broke down so often that at last she said, like poor Count Cobentzel, when travelling through Russia, 'It's of no use in the world setting up my carriage; since it will not stand, even let it lie!'"

As Pavel, from his accustomed corner, into which he had slunk, gazed on the speaker, and listened to her words, a dream of the past again stole over his senses. Those silk dresses, gauze bonnets, fleecy, floating draperies—that vague perfume exhaled from brodered handkerchiefs—all these things had been strangers to him since his eyes had last rested on the countess; and simple as was the attire of these ladies, to him, now accustomed to filth and rags, it seemed as if sunbeams, spirits of light and life, were playing in the darkness around him.

"We shall do very well here," resumed the lady; "it is rather close; come here, Constance;" the little girl immediately ran up to her; "let me take off your bonnet," and the maternal hand soon relieved the child of all that might cumber her; and she now stood, with her snowy shoulders covered with a profusion of fair, silken ringlets, her large blue eyes smiling as the summer heaven, her cherub-like countenance full of ethereal life, she seemed to Pavel a being of another and a brighter sphere. With the Oriental eyes and olive complexion of Salome and her children, he involuntarily associated penury, want, privation, and suffering—a humble station, and an unhappy fate. With these rosy cheeks and cerulean eyes, visions of lighted halls, fiery steeds, gay trappings, the pomps and splendors of the world seemed naturally connected, and surrounded the little head with a glory that dazzled his imagination.

"How well she looks thus!" said the mother, tossing about with her slender fingers the golden curls; then turning to her companion, she added in French—"How my poor friend, Vanda Stonoika, would have been delighted with Constance! Poor Vanda! I could not refuse the pressing invitation of the count—he is so proud of his beautiful young wife, and I understand has every reason to be so; but for me the charm of the house is gone. I was at school with Vanda; we agreed even then, if we ever had children, to marry them together; and it so turned out that my Constance was to become her Leon's bride. And now, where are they, poor Vanda and her child! You can't think what a beautiful boy that Leon was. He used to sit on my knee, listening to stories by the hour; he was a mere baby then. I do wonder the count got so quickly over both his losses."

Though for years the French language, once more familiar to him than his native tongue, had not met his ear, and though many a word was forgotten, still Pavel fully understood the substance



of what had been just uttered. That jewelled hand had been passed in tenderness over his black locks; that haughty, cold eye, whose contemptuous stare he had but so lately encountered, had once rested on him with sympathy. And that child, that lovely child, was once destined to be the spirit of his home, as the gentle countess had been that of the general. All the bitterness of the past was revived by those few words; and the cruelty of his fate came back upon him with more severity than ever. That angel of light standing there before him would never now help to soften the asperities of his life; but neither should any dark-browed peasant girl sit in his hut! No humble Salome should obtrude her solicitude between his lonely fate and the remembrance of what it should have been; and that vision of a day—that glimpse of the past—the fugitive reminiscence of a mere shadow flung across his path—exerted a serious influence over the boy's future life. It closed his heart against the softening influence of love. Forevermore between him and her who might have inspired it, rose up the indistinct, dreamy form of an elegant, beautiful, young creature, glittering with jewels, nestling in swan's-down; and to that image alone would his perverse imagination cling—an image which, perhaps, had he remained the heir of Stanoiki, would not have tarried one hour on his memory.

Pavel could not tear himself from the spot, yet he knew not under what pretext to linger. He followed with his eyes little Constance, who played and capered around the room in apparent unconsciousness of her miserable condition, until, at last, fatigued with her gambols, she sat down quietly by her mother, teasing her and the companion to tell her stories. Tired of immobility, she threw her handkerchief on the floor, and looked into the companion's face in a way to intimate that she expected it to be handed to her. The meek girl to whom this mute appeal was made either failed to observe, or would not notice it; but the mother soon roused her to a sense of this neglect of duty.

"Don't you see, my dear," she said, "that Constance's handkerchief has fallen?" A bitter smile stole over Pavel's lips. He remembered the time when his mother used to remind his French tutor that Count Leon's handkerchief had fallen, and when he compared his utter helplessness in those days with his present self-reliance—when he remembered how he then used to shrink from the dark passage, and now did not mind facing the wolf at dusk in the lone wood—when he remembered how he froze beneath his silken coverlids in his heated chamber, and could now brave the Siberian hardships of his loft in winter—he smiled triumphantly at the thought of what he had gained in manhood in compensation for what he had lost in luxury; and a determination rose in his mind to cultivate that solitary advantage to the utmost limit which his powerful nature would admit of.

The Polish travelling britzka contains all manner of provisions and luxuries necessary for the

road, even sometimes to the extent of beds and culinary utensils. Thus the traveller in those parts, provided with a proper equipage, is perfectly independent of chance; and the inexperienced foreigner finds public accommodation more indifferent than he would be led to imagine, from his knowledge of the ways and means of other lands, a circumstance which may, perhaps, be traced to the utter want of enterprise natural to the bondsman, who has no capital and no credit, to spur him on to industry. The carriage of the countess having been disburthened of its resources, the evening found her and her family sitting round a cheerful tea-table, with every convenience for passing the night around them, wax-lights, books, cards, and bedding, having been produced in turn.

Noah, not presuming to offer his own or his family's services, which on an occasion like this would probably have been repulsed with a reprimand, did not approach the common room, and Pavel, who was at last perceived in his corner being unceremoniously thrust out by the countess' servants, the new-comers were left in undisturbed possession of the place.

Daybreak found Pavel the most eager in repairing the bridge. The work was scarcely completed when the expected carriage was seen slowly advancing along the road, and soon after it rolled into Noah's yard. Pavel, with arms folded across his breast, watched the process of unpacking and packing the carriages, originally consorts on the road, but already twice parted by an adventure similar to that which had now separated them, viz., the mending of the one whilst the other proceeded on its route. Chancing to raise his eyes, Pavel encountered those of the countess, who, in fault of better occupation, was inspecting from the window what was passing in the yard. Perceiving him standing idly by, she called out, in a tone of one accustomed to be obeyed—

"What are you about there, you lad!—why don't you bestir yourself?"

Pavel feigned not to hear, but the command being repeated by her servants in a manner which roused his natural spirit of contention, he turned and left the yard, feeling the danger of any discussion.

"That boy wants a good flogging," observed the lady, looking after him. Pavel's ear caught the words, and they cut deep into his heart. He went to shut himself up in his loft, and ponder over them in bitterness; but when he heard beneath the preparations for departure, and the glad young voice of Constance, he could not resist the impulse that again hurried him below. He descended in time to see the family settle themselves in the carriage, to get one last glimpse of the pink gauze veil and azure eyes of the little Constance, and observe, with painful emotion, Noah's inclined figure bending to the proud lady, like an Eastern slave, from whose condition the unfortunate Jew was not many degrees removed. His cringing bows and fawning humility appeared to Pavel for the first time, because for the first time exhibited

in his presence in so marked a manner, as the seal of baseness and degradation stamped upon a re-proved race. Innocent of the desire to contrast with this self-abasement, and obeying but a mere impulse as if in vindication of the honor of the pot-house and its inhabitants, young Pavel drew himself up and cast a look of scorn and defiance at the tenants of the britzka as it rolled from the yard.

"What a sulky boy they have at that inn!" said the lady, returning his look with a broad stare. It is strange how often the darker passions clothe themselves, to the unobservant eye, in the garb of sulkiness.

Before Noah's back had resumed its ordinary position, or Pavel had dismissed the frown from his brow, the carriage was out of sight.

"When," said Noah, with a deep breath, as he drew up his figure to more than its natural erectness, "when shall the happy day dawn on which that curse will be removed from the land! when there shall be no more countesses to rattle in britzskas, and no more britzskas to be laden with that heap of insolence, folly, frippery, and heartlessness, called a fine lady! Ah! blessed world where there were no such high hill and deep chasm as a proud countess and a poor Jew—I hate them!" he added, shaking both his fists in the empty air—"would that a hurricane swept them all from the face of the earth."

Pavel hated, too, but he could not bend to the object of his hatred; and there was regret, love, and despair mixed up with hate, and a feeling that in the class among whose members he was destined to live he could find no friend. He could feel what they felt, but not as they felt it. That day and the next he wholly devoted to the woods, nor even returned to sleep beneath Noah's roof. This storm of emotion passed away, but left a refrigerating and a darkening influence over the boy's mind.

During the ensuing winter, Pavel often left the Jew's roof on smuggling and other excursions in the neighboring villages, ever foremost in any enterprise of pleasure or necessity which was likely to draw forth and exercise the presence of mind and strength of limb, steadiness of nerves and insensibility to pain and fatigue which it was his chief ambition to acquire. Noah did not seek to check his tendencies in any one respect, but left him to enjoy a sufficient quantity of that inestimable blessing, liberty, which he was ever declaring to be priceless, but which, unlike most who profess to value it, he was not the first to crush. Summer came and glided by without any change in Pavel's condition, and he had well nigh forgotten his so-called cousin and the vagrant who had presumed to style herself his mother, when he was reminded of the existence of both in an unexpected manner.

One autumnal afternoon, on his return from a hunting expedition in the neighborhood, Noah informed him that his cousin had been there during the day, and spoken of coming again on the mor-

row to take Pavel along with him, the term of his licensed absence from the estate of his owner having expired. "I began to hope that they had forgotten you, my poor boy," continued Noah, "but trust a master or his steward for that—they may forget to pay an honest man his due, but remember, to a man, the number of their vassals! No, no, there is no hope of their forgetting that. So it can't be helped; you must even go, Pavel. I'll not say but I am sorry to part with you. You've been a good boy to me, and a useful; and I would fain have kept you with me, though for the last two years I have not received a penny from your friends. Nay, never be cast down—it is not with you I am angry, but with them. I repeat, I would gladly have kept you in spite of their neglect. I feel much concern on your account, Pavel. Your vacant place will be long felt among us; but remember, should you ever need a friend, old Noah's pot-house is not far from the Galician frontier."

Pavel made no reply. Not that, after his own fashion, he did not feel regret at parting with those who had shown him such unvaried good-will as Noah and Salome, but it was not in his nature to show it. Then, although he was, at first, startled by the announcement of so sudden a departure from a home where he had been so long domesticated, and a renunciation of habits which had become his second nature, it was only through the man who called himself his cousin, and that dreaded woman who had haunted his childhood, that he could gain any clue to his past history; and if he suffered too much with them, why, he was no longer a child; he would be able to right himself, or again cross the frontier as best suited his convenience.

That evening Noah and Salome invited the boy to a last meal beneath their roof. "When friends part," said Noah, "one never knows if they shall meet again, so a little solemnity is not inappropriate to the occasion."

This repast of love was to take place much later than the usual supper hour, in order that no chance visitor might break in upon the festivity. Accordingly, when the children and menials had sought their beds, Noah carefully closed the shutters, fastened and secured the outer gates, unchained the savage yard-dogs, and, all these precautions being taken, trimmed and lighted the Sabbath lamp, laid the cloth, and, rare luxury, a clean one, whilst Salome brought in the dishes, whose contents, simple enough in reality, seemed sumptuous to those who were about to partake of them. Noah, in his but once worn silk gown, so far restored as Salome's skill could devise, sat at the head of his table, on which he had spread his most secret treasures, namely, a silver sugar-basin, with tongs to match, several tea-spoons of the same metal, but by no means of one make or date, and, above all, prized beyond the rest by a Jew, two small baskets of silver, very curiously chased, evidently of Eastern manufacture, containing one of the few Oriental luxuries to which the Jews of Poland and Germany have remained faithful, comfitures and comfits. Salome had discarded her common dress for one of a

more festive character, extracted for the occasion from the secret recesses of her wardrobe; and from its mysterious hiding place had drawn the heir-loom of the family, a crimson Jewish cap and stomacher, of faded, antiquated appearance, whose thick, confused embroidery of tarnished gold and silver, glittered with jewels of price, and her ears were laden with diamonds that a countess might have envied. Pavel stared in amazement, from the face of his hostess to her stomacher, and from her stomacher to her face.

"You are surprised to see me thus," said Salome, "but what I now wear is all the fortune I brought my husband, as it was all my mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother brought to theirs before me. If converted into money, it would be far from making us rich, and it might be extorted from us in a hundred different ways, but in this portable shape, happen what may, we have a resource easy of concealment from the rapacity of the Christians. Should they discover the French goods in our vaults, and seize our chattels, though fines might ruin us, and Noah languish in prison, still I have here the means of buying his judges, and of maintaining his children. You see it is no idle vanity that makes me cling to these ornaments which have never yet, with any of their possessors, seen the light of day, and have only shone to the sacred lamp behind closed shutters. I hope a milder day will come for our persecuted race even in this country, and that my Salome will have no need to conceal them when they become her property."\*

"Ay," said Noah, "a milder day—when will it dawn? When will the governments and rulers who have pointed us out, marked, stamped us as fit objects for the contempt of the vulgar, revoke those exception laws made for our tribe? Let us but enjoy the same rights and privileges as other natives of the soil, and the line of demarcation which divides us from the rest of mankind will gradually melt away; we may then expose our wealth without fear of being robbed."

"Ah!" said Salome, "we should not wish for such a change. My poor father, the most saint-like of men, used always to say that the injustice of the Christians had kept us faithful so long—that happiness would cool our zeal."

"Your father, Salome—without meaning any disrespect to his memory—was exaggerated in his religious notions. He was a bigot—there are such in all religions. The man who could renounce meat throughout his whole life, to the great detriment of his health, and pore over the Talmud from morn till night, until he knew by heart every wise saw it contains, was striving all the time—forgive me for saying so, for I know how tender you are on this point—for the reputation of sanctity which he obtained among our people. No, no; we want reform, and reform we must have, and I won't say but we foment the disorders in the enemy's camp,

ever with the hope of our own freedom rising from the ashes of sinking systems; but come, Pavel, we have never tried to make a Jew of you; you must render us that justice."

Before Pavel could reply a loud knocking at the outer gate caused Noah and Salome to start up in alarm.

"Who can it be so late!" said Salome, turning pale.

"Excisemen," faltered Noah, for a moment transfixed with consternation.

"Robbers, perhaps," suggested Salome—"at any rate, strangers."

Pavel, who did not stir a finger to help his host and hostess, now watched in silence and curiosity their rapid evolutions. In an inconceivably short time, silver baskets, tea-spoons, dishes, and cloth disappeared from the table, the lamp was extinguished, and Salome had donned her slovenly, every-day attire; and when Noah, in some trepidation, supported by Peter, just awakened from a sound sleep, and by Pavel, went to the gate, every trace of a surprise was effaced. The calls without were so imperative, and accompanied by such loud Russian curses, that Noah lost no time in unbarring and unlocking.

"I thought you were all dead!" said an officer of Cossacks, prancing into the yard, followed by his little band, at sight of whom Noah gave himself up for lost. "I thought you were all dead! How dare you, dog, keep us waiting at the gate?—Come—quick—a stirrup-cup for myself and my men."

"Six glasses!" cried out Noah to Salome, who now appeared at the house door.

"Seven!" corrected the officer.

Noah repeated the order without a comment, and Pavel's quick eye detected through the doubtful light a double weight on one of the horses. His heart sprang to his lips. His first impulse was to approach the stranger; but he immediately perceived how impossible it would be to do so, surrounded as that horse was by the rest. One of the men dismounting to look after his saddle-girths, Pavel, in the most natural manner he could assume, drew near to hold his bridle, but he was warned away in a voice of thunder. Pavel fell back, gazing with curiosity, mixed with traditional horror, upon the long lances, in the use of which the Cossacks are so skilful. The officer, before touching his glass, endeavored to prevail upon some one to accept the brandy, but it was rejected. Noah's lantern flashing upwards at that moment threw a gleam of light upon the party, and revealed the person of him to whom this courtesy was proffered. He was wrapped in a riding cloak, with his arms tied behind his back, and bound with thongs to the Cossack who sat before him.

"Well, if you won't," said the officer, "it will be one glass more to my share."

The prisoner, profiting by the moment when the officer was in the act of swallowing his second glass of brandy, called out in a loud tone—"Is there here no Pole who will bear the news to the

\* The Jewesses, now, I am informed, wear their jewelled caps openly in Galicia, and many other parts of Poland.



Countess Stanoika that her brother is on his road to Siberia?"

"This is beyond endurance!" exclaimed the leader, impetuously; and hastily throwing some money on the ground, he gave the word to march, which was so promptly obeyed, that, but for Pavel's quickness of eye, and readiness of hand, the poor Jew would have been ridden over where he stood humbly bowing.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Noah, "if my heart can beat thus when their visit is not for me, what would it be if—? Pavel, I really think I shall give up all connection with the smugglers—I thought to-night my doom was sealed."

But Pavel at that moment had no thought for Noah and his plans; he heard but the words of the stranger that still rang in his ears. That man, just

torn, doubtless, from his home, on grounds true or false, was connected with his former patron, and if he chose, this episode might afford him the means of approaching the family. It would, henceforth, be a matter of choice whether he did or did not intrude upon them.

"Take heed, Pavel," continued Noah, "that what you have heard this night never pass your lips. For your own sake, remember my words, and beware of babbling. The only principle to guide one safely through life, especially a vassal, is never to suffer the names of the great to pass his lips for good, bad, or indifferent. In general, whatever questions people ask you, no matter upon what subject, let your answer be, 'I don't know.' In these three words lies the wisdom of the poor."

#### NORTHAMPTON.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,  
O fairest village of the plain!  
The thoughts that here to life have started  
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasseled maize, full grain, or clover,  
Far o'er the level meadow grows,  
And through it, like a wayward rover,  
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken  
By all the storms an age can bring,  
Trail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,  
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,  
Each green leaf shows its white below,  
As foam on emerald waves is drifted,  
Their tints alternate come and go.

And then the skies! when vapors cluster  
From zenith to horizon's verge,  
As wild gusts ominously bluster,  
And in deep shade the landscape merge;—

Under the massive cloud's low border,  
Where hill-tops with the sky unite,  
Like an old minster's blazoned warder,  
There scintillates an amber light.

Sometimes a humid fleece reposes  
Midway upon the swelling ridge,  
Like an aerial couch of roses,  
Or fairy's amethystine bridge:

And pale green islets lucid shimmer,  
With huge cliffs jutting out beside,  
Like those in mountain lakes that glimmer,  
Tinged like the ocean's crystal tide;

Or saffron-tinted islands planted  
In firmaments of azure dye,  
With pearly mounds that loom undaunted,  
And float like icebergs of the sky.

Like autumn leaves that eddying falter,  
Yet settle to their crimson rest,  
As pilgrims round their burning altar,  
They slowly gather in the west.

And when the distant mountain ranges  
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,  
Oft memory all the landscape changes,  
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,  
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain  
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision  
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,  
Amid the central valley lies  
A white church-spire unknown to story,  
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,  
No line of cypresses we see,  
Nor convent old with beauty crowning  
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

Yet here may willing eyes discover  
The art and life of every shore,  
For Nature bids her patient lover  
All true similitudes explore.

These firs, when cease their boughs to quiver,  
Stand like pagodas Brahmins seek,  
Yon isle, that parts the winding river,  
Seems modelled from a light caïque.

And ferns that in these groves are hidden,  
Are sculptured like a dainty frieze,  
While choral music steals unbidden,  
As undulates the forest breeze.

A gothic arch and springing column,  
A floral-dyed, mosaic ground,  
A twilight shade and vista solemn  
In all these sylvan haunts are found.

And now this fragile garland weaving  
While ebbs the musing tide away,  
As one a sacred temple leaving,  
Some tribute on its shrine would lay,—

I bless the scenes whose tranquil beauty  
Have cheered me like the sense of youth,  
And freshened lonely tasks of duty,  
The dream of love and zest of truth.

*Graham's Magazine.*

#### [SENTIMENTAL—IN IRISH.]

LADY COVENTRY.—This is the lady of whom Horace Walpole says, "At a great supper the other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best humored creature in the world, I should have made her angry. She said in a very vulgar accent if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*; 'Lord,' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that?'—'Oh, it is Irish for *sentimental*.'"—*Letters*, vol. 1, p. 498.

more festive character, extracted for the occasion from the secret recesses of her wardrobe; and from its mysterious hiding place had drawn the heirloom of the family, a crimson Jewish cap and stomacher, of faded, antiquated appearance, whose thick, confused embroidery of tarnished gold and silver, glittered with jewels of price, and her ears were laden with diamonds that a countess might have envied. Pavel stared in amazement, from the face of his hostess to her stomacher, and from her stomacher to her face.

"You are surprised to see me thus," said Salome, "but what I now wear is all the fortune I brought my husband, as it was all my mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother brought to theirs before me. If converted into money, it would be far from making us rich, and it might be extorted from us in a hundred different ways, but in this portable shape, happen what may, we have a resource easy of concealment from the rapacity of the Christians. Should they discover the French goods in our vaults, and seize our chattels, though fines might ruin us, and Noah languish in prison, still I have here the means of buying his judges, and of maintaining his children. You see it is no idle vanity that makes me cling to these ornaments which have never yet, with any of their possessors, seen the light of day, and have only shone to the sacred lamp behind closed shutters. I hope a milder day will come for our persecuted race even in this country, and that my Salome will have no need to conceal them when they become her property."\*

"Ay," said Noah, "a milder day—when will it dawn? When will the governments and rulers who have pointed us out, marked, stamped us as fit objects for the contempt of the vulgar, revoke those exception laws made for our tribe? Let us but enjoy the same rights and privileges as other natives of the soil, and the line of demarcation which divides us from the rest of mankind will gradually melt away; we may then expose our wealth without fear of being robbed."

"Ah!" said Salome, "we should not wish for such a change. My poor father, the most saint-like of men, used always to say that the injustice of the Christians had kept us faithful so long—that happiness would cool our zeal."

"Your father, Salome—without meaning any disrespect to his memory—was exaggerated in his religious notions. He was a bigot—there are such in all religions. The man who could renounce meat throughout his whole life, to the great detriment of his health, and pore over the Talmud from morn till night, until he knew by heart every wise saw it contains, was striving all the time—forgive me for saying so, for I know how tender you are on this point—for the reputation of sanctity which he obtained among our people. No, no; we want reform, and reform we must have, and I won't say but we foment the disorders in the enemy's camp,

ever with the hope of our own freedom rising from the ashes of sinking systems; but come, Pavel, we have never tried to make a Jew of you; you must render us that justice."

Before Pavel could reply a loud knocking at the outer gate caused Noah and Salome to start up in alarm.

"Who can it be so late?" said Salome, turning pale.

"Excisemen," faltered Noah, for a moment transfixed with consternation.

"Robbers, perhaps," suggested Salome—"at any rate, strangers."

Pavel, who did not stir a finger to help his host and hostess, now watched in silence and curiosity their rapid evolutions. In an inconceivably short time, silver baskets, tea-spoons, dishes, and cloth disappeared from the table, the lamp was extinguished, and Salome had donned her slovenly, every-day attire; and when Noah, in some trepidation, supported by Peter, just awakened from a sound sleep, and by Pavel, went to the gate, every trace of a surprise was effaced. The calls without were so imperative, and accompanied by such loud Russian curses, that Noah lost no time in unbarring and unlocking.

"I thought you were all dead!" said an officer of Cossacks, prancing into the yard, followed by his little band, at sight of whom Noah gave himself up for lost. "I thought you were all dead! How dare you, dog, keep us waiting at the gate?—Come—quick—a stirrup-cup for myself and my men."

"Six glasses!" cried out Noah to Salome, who now appeared at the house door.

"Seven!" corrected the officer.

Noah repeated the order without a comment, and Pavel's quick eye detected through the doubtful light a double weight on one of the horses. His heart sprang to his lips. His first impulse was to approach the stranger; but he immediately perceived how impossible it would be to do so, surrounded as that horse was by the rest. One of the men dismounting to look after his saddle-girths, Pavel, in the most natural manner he could assume, drew near to hold his bridle, but he was warned away in a voice of thunder. Pavel fell back, gazing with curiosity, mixed with traditional horror, upon the long lances, in the use of which the Cossacks are so skilful. The officer, before touching his glass, endeavored to prevail upon some one to accept the brandy, but it was rejected. Noah's lantern flashing upwards at that moment threw a gleam of light upon the party, and revealed the person of him to whom this courtesy was proffered. He was wrapped in a riding cloak, with his arms tied behind his back, and bound with thongs to the Cossack who sat before him.

"Well, if you won't," said the officer, "it will be one glass more to my share."

The prisoner, profiting by the moment when the officer was in the act of swallowing his second glass of brandy, called out in a loud tone—"Is there here no Pole who will bear the news to the

\* The Jewesses, now, I am informed, wear their jewelled caps openly in Galicia, and many other parts of Poland.

Countess Stanoika that her brother is on his road to Siberia!"

"This is beyond endurance!" exclaimed the leader, impetuously; and hastily throwing some money on the ground, he gave the word to march, which was so promptly obeyed, that, but for Pavel's quickness of eye, and readiness of hand, the poor Jew would have been ridden over where he stood humbly bowing.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Noah, "if my heart can beat thus when their visit is not for me, what would it be if—! Pavel, I really think I shall give up all connection with the smugglers—I thought to-night my doom was sealed."

But Pavel at that moment had no thought for Noah and his plans; he heard but the words of the stranger that still rang in his ears. That man, just

torn, doubtless, from his home, on grounds true or false, was connected with his former patron, and if he chose, this episode might afford him the means of approaching the family. It would, henceforth, be a matter of choice whether he did or did not intrude upon them.

"Take heed, Pavel," continued Noah, "that what you have heard this night never pass your lips. For your own sake, remember my words, and beware of babbling. The only principle to guide one safely through life, especially a vassal, is never to suffer the names of the great to pass his lips for good, bad, or indifferent. In general, whatever questions people ask you, no matter upon what subject, let your answer be, 'I don't know.' In these three words lies the wisdom of the poor."

#### NORTHAMPTON.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,  
O fairest village of the plain!  
The thoughts that here to life have started  
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasseled maize, full grain, or clover,  
Far o'er the level meadow grows,  
And through it, like a wayward rover,  
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken  
By all the storms an age can bring,  
Trail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,  
Yet litiesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,  
Each green leaf shows its white below,  
As foam on emerald waves is drifted,  
Their tints alternate come and go.

And then the skies! when vapors cluster  
From zenith to horizon's verge,  
As wild gusts ominously bluster,  
And in deep shade the landscape merge;—

Under the massive cloud's low border,  
Where hill-tops with the sky unite,  
Like an old minster's blazoned warder,  
There scintillates an amber light.

Sometimes a humid fleece reposes  
Midway upon the swelling ridge,  
Like an aerial couch of roses,  
Or fairy's amethystine bridge:

And pale green islets lucid shimmer,  
With huge cliffs jutting out beside,  
Like those in mountain lakes that glimmer,  
Tinged like the ocean's crystal tide;

Or saffron-tinted islands planted  
In firmaments of azure dye,  
With pearly mounds that loom undaunted,  
And float like icebergs of the sky.

Like autumn leaves that eddying falter,  
Yet settle to their crimson rest,  
As pilgrims round their burning altar,  
They slowly gather in the west.

And when the distant mountain ranges  
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,  
Oft memory all the landscape changes,  
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,  
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain  
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision  
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,  
Amid the central valley lies  
A white church-spire unknown to story,  
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,  
No line of cypresses we see,  
Nor convent old with beauty crowning  
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

Yet here may willing eyes discover  
The art and life of every shore,  
For Nature bids her patient lover  
All true similitudes explore.

These firs, when cease their boughs to quiver,  
Stand like pagodas Brahmins seek,  
Yon isle, that parts the winding river,  
Seems modelled from a light caïque.

And ferns that in these groves are hidden,  
Are sculptured like a dainty frieze,  
While choral music steals unbidden,  
As undulates the forest breeze.

A gothic arch and springing column,  
A floral-dyed, mosaic ground,  
A twilight shade and vista solemn  
In all these sylvan haunts are found.

And now this fragile garland weaving  
While ebbs the musing tide away,  
As one a sacred temple leaving,  
Some tribute on its shrine would lay,—

I bless the scenes whose tranquil beauty  
Have cheered me like the sense of youth,  
And freshened lonely tasks of duty,  
The dream of love and zest of truth.

*Graham's Magazine.*

#### [SENTIMENTAL—IN IRISH.]

LADY COVENTRY.—This is the lady of whom Horace Walpole says, "At a great supper the other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best humored creature in the world, I should have made her angry. She said in a very vulgar accent if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*; 'Lord,' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that?'—'Oh, it is Irish for *sentimental*.'"—*Letters*, vol. 1, p. 498.



From the Examiner, 8th Sept.

# CANADA AND THE BRITISH AMERICAN LEAGUE.

WE have arrived at the second stage of the Canadian rebellion, or insurrection, or revolution, or whatever it is to be called. But as we omitted to make any comment upon the intelligence brought by the mail before last, we must go back a little in our narrative to make the existing state of affairs intelligible.

The delegates of the British American League, after threats and placardings of a very ominous description, met a few weeks ago at Kingston, appointed a permanent central committee to hold its sittings in Montreal, and resolved to institute branch committees in every township. They moreover resolved that missionaries should be sent to the sister colonies to preach the duty of joining the League. Finally, they resolved that the re-establishment of protection, the promotion of public economy, and the restriction of French influence, should be the objects of the League. And having issued a manifesto exhorting all Canadians to join their banner, and declaring that their grand purpose was to put an end to sectional animosities, (by arraying English against French,) the delegates adjourned.

This result sorely mortified two parties, whose expressions of disappointment have been ludicrous enough. The American sympathizers, annexationists of the States, had made up their minds that the discontented Britishers were about to throw themselves into the arms of the Union; and to men with voices pitched for a solemn *To Pean* over the progress of republican principles, the conclusion of the leaguers was of course very lame and impotent. They lost no time in denouncing their malcontent friends in Canada as deplorably below par.

The other discontented party is a knot of speculators here. A political party we can scarcely call them, though they work by political intrigue; seeing that among them are both whigs and tories, free-traders and protectionists. It might be nearer the truth to call them a club of London ship-owners, speculators in colonial lands, and evicting Irish landlords; for to clear one's estates of poor and troublesome tenants, to find employment for one's rickety ships, or to earn an honest penny on the sale of colonial waste lands, will make men, upon occasion, as unexceptionable patriots as their neighbors. Nor the less so, when the possibility of a government loan or grant, at a little distance, helps to keep the scent hot and keen. The Beauharnois Seignory was first set up as the nucleus of operations; but to bring all the waste lands of Canada into the net, and transfer to them all the Celtic population of Ireland, became the ultimate objects of exertion. Our versatile agitators started by professing the faith as it is in Wakefield; but so modified their creed from time to time to suit new converts, that little of it remains but the words emigration and colonization. They coquetted with the French Canadians, formed

liaisons with Lord Metcalfe, and offered sympathy to the British American League. By turns they courted and assailed Lord Stanley, Lord Grey and Mr. Gladstone; and they have held their leaguers *in terrorem* over the public and the colonial office alternately. No wonder they should have felt themselves disconcerted by this Kingston programme. For how should Stanleyites countenance the project of a federal union among all the British American colonies? what hope of Lincolnites assenting to protection? and how remote the possibility of getting anything substantial from such poor allies, toward the two millions for the clearance of Celts out of Ireland. They pooh-poohed their old friends of the League, therefore, with as little mercy as the men of the stars and stripes.

Such was the condition of affairs when the last mail brought intelligence of another riot at Montreal. Some leaders of the mob who burnt down the Houses of Assembly having been placed under government prosecution for their share in that transaction, a crowd of some three hundred sympathizers attacked the house of the attorney general, Mr. Lafontaine; when the latter, with the assistance of a party of friends, gave them what is called a warm reception. One ruffian was shot, and the rest ran away—revenging themselves after their flight by secret acts of incendiarism. The whole affair was of the most contemptible character; but it suggests grave necessities for an instant reform in the police administration of Canada, and it is likely to be of service in putting a wider distinction than hitherto between the rational and irrational "conservatism" of the province. The proceedings of the League at Kingston had been contributing to precisely the same end.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the exertions or results of such an association could continue to be confined to local and electioneering objects, having in view the re-establishment of protection for Canadian timber, and, under some modified form, the revival of the old jobbing ascendancy in the local government. It is too late in the day to reconvert Canada into a mere field for the operations of half a dozen London houses speculating in ships, in timber, and in government jobbery. These may have been the aims of the leading organizers of the British American League, but they cannot be the consequences of its organization. The utter impossibility of re-establishing the protective system will soon banish that article from the League's confession of faith. There will then remain the economical administration of government, and the incorporation of all the British American provinces into a federal union. These are now but empty words in the mouths of the leaders of the association, but they are truths earnestly desired by many of their duped followers; and to their realization the exertions of the existing government of Canada are tending quite as clearly as the uneasy movements of its adversaries. It is not many years since Lord John Russell made the statesmanlike avowal that it was our duty to prepare

the Canadas for a separation, when that should become inevitable; and the only proper training to this great end is the exercise of responsible government. Lord Elgin had manfully proclaimed this principle, and throughout his administration of affairs has acted upon it honestly and ably.

The objects which the great liberal party, not only in Canada, but in all the British provinces of North America, have secretly or avowedly at heart, are none other than economical government, and a federal union of the colonies. In plain English, they desire the resumption of waste lands; the introduction of a scale of remuneration for public servants adapted to the social circumstances of the colonies, not, as at present, to those of the mother country; and the organization of a central independent government. We do not assert that these objects are at this moment as broadly and distinctly present in the minds of the provincialists as we have represented them; but to that point they will inevitably come. It was about the year 1750 that Franklin prepared a federal union of the then existing British colonies in America, which, dropping the important article of dependence on the British crown, is the exact counterpart of the constitution ultimately adopted by the United States. Franklin did not foresee that this constitution of 1750 necessarily implied and led to independence; but it did so. From the moment he gave shape in that document, to the vague wishes of his countrymen, and that its principles laid hold on the public imagination, the separation of the provinces from England was inevitable. It would have taken place without the intervention of the deplorable Stamp Act or Boston Leaguer, and even though George Grenville had never been born.

The British North American provinces are not far from having attained the same stage of social development to which the "old thirteen" had arrived in 1750. The first step towards the erection of the British North American provinces into an independent state has been taken. The men of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Hudson's Bay territory, and the islands of the St. Lawrence, will sooner or later be self-governed, like the men of England and the United States. They also are essentially English; but with important local differences of character. They differ from the men of the mother country in their American peculiarities; and from those of the United States in the sentiments inherited from the French founders of Canada, from the loyalist refugees of Acadia, and from the retired military and naval officers and Scotch Highlanders settled in the upper province. Their peculiar and valuable national spirit would be as much endangered by annexation to the government at Washington, as by complete subjection to the government at Saint James'.

Social necessities, and the healthy progress of mankind, require two independent states in North America. It is impossible to foresee the exact course of events; but there can be little doubt that in time the world will see two great and

prosperous countries of common origin on that Northern American continent: the one embracing the present British territories, and possibly the New England States; the other, the Northern and Western States of the present North American Union. This is a natural necessity. Great Britain would be a gainer, not a loser by it; and that the consummation may be brought about in a friendly spirit, without the intervention of *éméutes* or wars, is plainly both the interest and duty of the British people and the British government, as well as of the whole Anglo-Norman population on the other side of the Atlantic.

From the Examiner, 8 Sept.

#### LORD PALMERSTON'S HUNGARIAN POLICY.

It is but natural that the same parties who have done all in their power to misrepresent the Hungarian cause, should desire to make us believe that the relations which subsisted between Hungary and the house of Austria have never, before the late events, been an object of solicitude to British diplomacy. But the *Times*, in its eagerness to attack Lord Palmerston, has forgotten altogether the prominent part taken in past times by British diplomatists, when there was an occasion for their good offices with regard to those relations.

In 1703 the Hungarians, unable any longer to endure the civil and religious tyranny of the house of Hapsburg, rose under the leadership of Francis Rákótzky, the second of that name; and a war of eight years' duration ensued, which was terminated by the peace of Szathmar in 1711, by which the Hungarians returned to their allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, on condition of a complete amnesty and a solemn engagement to respect their constitutional rights. During the course of this war, the exertions of British envoys—Lord Sutherland, the son-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Hon. George Stepney—to restore peace between the contending parties, were unremitting. Not merely did the British and Dutch envoys, acting in unison, address themselves in writing to Rákótzky; but they took part personally, as mediators, in the negotiations at the convention of Tynau, which took place about the middle of the war. The Hungarian confederates long held out for a guarantee of the peace on the part of the maritime powers; and that it actually took place without such a guarantee may be attributed principally to the apparent moderation and good faith of Joseph I., which, while it weakened the patriotic party by detaching from it many of its adherents, at the same time rendered those who remained firm, more willing to rely upon the royal word, without any guarantee of foreign powers.

But there is no need to look into history to justify any protest that Lord Palmerston may have made, against the violation of the Hungarian territory by Russian troops. Even if there was no other "express solicitation of the parties interested," yet the Hungarians, (whom we venture to

pronounce parties interested,) in their declaration and manifestoes, distinctly called upon all the constitutional powers of Europe, not to look with indifference upon events which must seriously affect the balance of power and the existence of constitutional principles in Europe. And the gravity of the case might well justify a solemn protest, upon the part of a constitutional government, against a state of things in which not merely the balance of European power was endangered by the intervention of Russia, but European civilization was disgraced by a method of carrying on war worthy of the most barbarous ages, under the express sanction of Austrian generals. In the opinion of the *Times* it is evident, that such "an interference was equally insulting to the Austrian government and to the Hungarian people." But if such an interference—if the recommendation to turn back from a suicidal career—be considered insulting by the Austrian government, we think the latter must have already discovered that the interference of the Emperor of all the Russias, to which it must henceforth submit, is far more so. What must be thought of the manner in which the czar addresses Paskiewitch?

By acting with unequalled discretion in a rebellious country \* \* \* *you, general, have safely, and with inconsiderable loss, effected the object proposed.* The chief commander and the dictator of the Hungarians surrendered to *you*.

\* \* \* The important successes of *our* victorious army will doubtlessly lead to the restoration of legal power and order in Hungary.

The very existence of Austrian generals and of an Austrian army is almost ignored. Can anything be conceived more contemptuous, more insulting, to an "august ally?"

How the interference referred to by the *Times* could be considered "insulting to the Hungarian people," we are at a loss to conceive; but we think that the Hungarian people will consider the manner in which it is spoken of by the *Times*, insulting, and that in the highest degree. The *Times* proceeds to say, "It was precisely the same thing as an appeal from M. de Lamartine or General Cavaignac would have been, in favor of the Irish insurgents just *after* the battle of Ballin-garry." Thus the legality of the absurd Irish outbreak and that of the Hungarian war are placed upon the same footing. Kossuth is degraded to the level of Smith O'Brien; and the glorious campaigns of Görgey and Bem, of Dembinski and Klapka, are compared to the "battle of Ballin-garry." This is, indeed, most gratuitously to insult a nation which has been struggling in defence of its rights against two empires, and has only at last fallen under the shock of the most overpowering numbers.

But the truth comes out. By expressing opinions favorable to constitutional principles "we sacrifice connections which have been, and may again be, of essential interest to the independence and liberty of all nations." If "the independence and liberty of all nations" is to be interpreted (as

it must be, if we follow the *Times*) to mean the overthrow of existing independence, and the substitution of military despotism for civil government—then the sacrifice of such connections is one that cannot be lamented by the people of England. It is a truth which Demosthenes enunciated long ago, that for a free state the only durable alliances are those with free states, and that alliances with despotic governments are in their nature precarious and unstable.

Whatever may be the present discomfiture of liberal opinions, whatever the immediate triumph of military despotism, we have full faith that ultimately "public opinion, and especially the moral force of this country, will triumph over charges of cavalry and rounds of artillery all over the world." Years of suffering may, perhaps, have first to be passed through; but the nations of Europe, sooner or later, will have to mark out the accomplices of those tyrants that have crushed their aspirations for freedom, and they will not then fail to do justice to a minister who, in despite of a factious opposition, has had the moral courage to stand forward in defence of the great principles of self-government and constitutional freedom. And this, too, at a time when the most determined efforts are being made to confuse the fundamental notions of right and wrong; to designate the defence of existing liberties as a rebellion against legitimate authority; to represent the perfidy of sovereigns as their natural and indefeasible policy; to show that freedom and order are best secured by courts-martial; to brand the patriotism of Kossuth by the epithet of "infamous;" and to exalt the hangman Haynau into a military hero.

From the Examiner, 6th Sept.

#### ARE THE HUNGARIANS PROTECTIONISTS?

ONE of the latest misstatements of the *Times* concerning the leading Hungarian Liberals is, that "they were the founders of a protective league, or association, for the exclusive consumption of native manufactures, which can only be supported by prohibitive duties on the produce of other parts of the Austrian empire, as well as of foreign countries."

Now here a fact is stated which is in itself true, and yet, from the manner in which it is stated, is completely calculated to mislead European opinion with regard to the motives and intentions of the "leading Hungarian Liberals."

The Hungarians, perfectly aware that it is their policy to avail themselves of the capabilities of their country for the production of raw materials, and to exchange their produce for the superior manufactures of foreign countries, have always been opposed to the restrictive system of the Austrian government, from the time of Maria Theresa downward. But the efforts of the Hungarian Diet were unavailing; and the Hungarians were subjected, in a commercial point of view, to all the disadvantages, without enjoying any of the advantages, that might have arisen from a connection with the hereditary states of Austria. On the one



hand, the superior manufactures of England, which they would gladly have purchased with their corn, wine, hemp, tobacco, wool, &c., were excluded by the enormously high tariff which was maintained by the government of Vienna, in spite of their repeated remonstrances; while, on the other hand, the coarse and exorbitantly dear manufactures of the Austrian provinces were admitted into Hungary at a nominal duty, at the same time that the raw Hungarian produce, with which alone they could make their payments, was loaded with heavy differential duties. The line of custom-houses between Austria and Hungary was in fact maintained for the protection of Austrian wine-growers, and the imperial manufacture of tobacco; the production of tobacco being free in Hungary, whilst in Austria it is a monopoly in the hands of the government. After repeated attempts of the Hungarian Diet to obtain a more equitable arrangement, some of the Hungarian Liberals conceived the plan of reprisals, by which the Austrian government might be brought to terms. To obtain English manufactures seemed hopeless; and they therefore resolved, at any rate, to exclude Austrian manufactures, except upon the condition that Austria would admit Hungarian raw produce upon moderate terms. Such was the origin and tendency of the *Vedegyelet*, or *Defensive Union*, which was formed in 1844, with Count Casimir Batthyany as president, and Kossuth as director.

This view of the case is amply confirmed by the proceedings of the Hungarians, as soon as they obtained, by the concessions of April, 1848, a responsible Hungarian ministry. In June of that year Klauzel, the Hungarian minister of commerce, sent a note to Baron Krauss, the Austrian minister of finance, proposing a liberal modification of the tariff. The answer of the Austrian minister was, that the Austrian government was then engaged in a revision of the tariff, and that its intentions would be communicated to the Hungarian ministry in the month of September. But before the month of September arrived, Jellachich seized upon the Hungarian seaport of Fiume, and early in that month invaded the main territory of Hungary.

It is also matter of notoriety that, in the spring of this year, Kossuth's government adopted a most liberal commercial tariff, and communicated it to England by an accredited envoy.

Such are the facts of the case. It seems hardly conceivable that in spite of them an attempt should be made to fix upon the Hungarian liberals the charge of a narrow and restrictive commercial policy.

What the exact nature of "the very first boon that has been solicited for Hungary" may be, it is impossible to say till we receive further details. Hungary, in its full territorial integrity, and with a really independent line of custom-houses, (or absence of them, if it so pleased the Hungarians,) would indeed be a boon which we do not see the slightest reason to expect. If there be any truth in the report, it probably means that a *portion of*

*Central Hungary* is doomed irrevocably to be isolated from the commerce of the rest of the world, and the maxim of the Austrian Bureaucracy is to be carried out in its full extent, that "Hungary must be stifled in her own fat."

From the Economist, 8 Sept.

#### THE ADHERENCE OF HAMBURG TO THE ZOLLVEREIN.

THE decision of Hamburg to join the confederation of German States, under the Berlin constitution, must be regarded as one of the most important events which has happened since the commencement of the revolutions of 1848; and especially so, as this step may be considered the certain forerunner of the accession of the other Hanse towns, and of the whole of the German states on the Baltic, including Hanover. We are not disposed to view the result of the struggle in Hamburg, as some of our contemporaries do, as any evidence of a reactionary spirit against free trade in the community, nor even as disadvantageous to the advance of that cause which we have so much at heart. We know that many persons supported the course adopted by Hamburg, with a firm belief that they were taking the best, if not the only, means which now exists, not only for securing a more liberal commercial policy for Germany, but also for avoiding that hopeless confusion, anarchy, and for a time at least, that military despotism, to which the policy and designs of Austria towards Germany must lead, unless opposed by a firm and united government in the north.

For our own part, knowing how much the citizens of Hamburg value the privileges of commercial freedom, and seeing the important and influential position which they will occupy in the new Germanic Confederation; and, moreover, having confidence in the liberal commercial tendencies of those who are now most influential in the councils of Prussia, we cannot but hail this event as the best guarantee for the advancement of free trade in Germany. The city of Hamburg itself may be called upon to make some concessions of a distasteful kind. A city that has been so long a free port, will not relinquish those advantages without much reluctance and regret. But so far as regards the commerce of Hamburg, the change will be much more nominal than at first sight it appears. Since those days when the advantages of *free ports*, as places of foreign commerce, were so much valued, the modern warehousing system has been introduced, by which, so far as regards the great bulk of foreign trade, every port, whatever duties may be payable for consumption, has all the advantages which *free ports* alone possessed in former times. Since the bonding system was introduced into England by Sir Robert Walpole, London has possessed every advantage as a great *entrepot* of trade, and for the re-distribution of foreign produce to neighboring markets, that has been enjoyed by Hamburg. So far as regards its trade as a great importer and re-distributor of foreign

produce, Hamburg, by means of the bonding system, will preserve all the advantages which she now possesses, and this applies to at least seven eighths of her trade.

It must not be forgotten, that although the merchants of Hamburg have hitherto enjoyed the great facilities of importing and warehousing foreign produce and manufactures of every description, upon payment of a merely nominal duty, yet that more than seven eighths of all the goods so imported, were for the consumption of neighboring countries, and the greatest portion by far for that of the German states which form the new Zollverein; and, therefore, although they met with no impediment from import duties at Hamburg, yet they were, nevertheless, exposed to them in a more aggravated and inconvenient form, when they reached the Prussian frontier. Those goods only which were consumed within the very limited state of Hamburg, escaped the burden of customs duties. Seven eighths of the Hamburg trade has really been subjected to customs duties hitherto, and levied in a shape at once both irksome and uncertain; much more so than if collected at the place of importation.

No one can entertain the slightest doubt that the adherence of Hamburg to the Zollverein, will greatly extend the influence of the free trade party in the Germanic Confederation, and will thereby lead to important modifications of the general tariff, which will be of infinitely greater importance to the commerce of Hamburg, and of those countries intimately connected with Germany by trade, than any concession which the citizens of Hamburg will be called upon to make, in adopting the constitution of Berlin; while the adoption of the bonding system will place them in exactly the same position with regard to their trade with other ports of the North of Europe in which they at present stand. Their great trade, however, is German. In future, in place of paying high duties on the frontier, exposed to the harassing competition of smugglers, if they can, as we have no doubt they will, succeed in materially reducing those duties, paying them at the place of importation, but not until they are required to be forwarded for consumption, we shall regard the change as a great step in advance for the commercial freedom of Germany. We shall have occasion again to return to this important subject.

From the United Service Magazine.

#### FRENCH PRISONERS ON BOARD THE SPANISH PRISON SHIPS IN THE BAY OF CADIZ, 1810.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF CAPTAIN J. F., ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

WHEN the French army of General Dupont surrendered to the Spaniards at the battle of Baylen, in 1808, both men and officers were sent on board of old Spanish men-of-war, fitted up as prison ships in the harbor of Cadiz. As large boats from these vessels came frequently to the sandy beach between Cadiz and Fort Puntales, while I was stationed at

the latter place in 1810, I was led by curiosity to see what they came for, and found that it was to bury the dead prisoners, as a great mortality prevailed on board these ships.

I was present when one of these large boats full of naked bodies (lying like logs of wood, one upon another) arrived at the beach. The bodies were rolled over the gunwale of the boat into the sea, and then dragged on shore with a boat-hook, and thrown into a hole dug in the sand above high-water mark, previous to which, Spanish children would throw handfuls of sand into their mouths, and otherwise insult them. I could not look on the bodies of these unfortunate strangers, buried by their enemies in this disgusting way, without some queries arising in my mind as to what were their names, who their relations, friends, &c.

This occurrence was afterwards brought to my recollection on reading the following lines by the late Mr. Malcolm, (42d regiment,) as applicable to what I had witnessed, though not intended by him for that particular occasion:—

#### LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a soldier passed away,  
Thou form without a name;  
Which thought and felt but yesterday,  
And dreamt of future fame.

Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess  
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?  
Of haughty chieftain holding sway,  
Or lowlier destined to obey.

Though from that head, late towering high,  
The waving plume is torn,  
And low in dust that form doth lie,  
Dishonored and forlorn;

Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide  
The graver characters of pride,  
That on the lip and brow reveal  
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore,  
The son she ne'er shall see,  
Or maiden on some distant shore,  
To break her heart for thee?

These unfortunate men considered their being confined on board of ship as an infringement of the terms by which they had surrendered, and availing themselves of a gale of wind in their favor, they mastered the Spanish guards, cut the cables of the vessels, that they might be driven across the bay to the Trocadero, then occupied by their countrymen blockading Cadiz. Supposing the vessels to have drifted by the wind, our gun-boats were ordered to their assistance, but when alongside they were saluted with cold shot (on board as ballast) thrown by the prisoners into the boats, upon which, orders were given to our men-of-war to fire into the prison ships; accordingly, a heavy fire was directed upon the vessels, also from Fort Puntales; however, one succeeded and grounded near the Trocadero. The prisoners in it were liberated by their countrymen, who brought down boats from Puerto Real for that purpose.

## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

We find the following poem in the *Christian Intelligencer*, given as the original version of the hymn in the prayer-book :

I WOULD not live alway, live alway below !  
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go ;  
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets  
of God,  
Apostles and martyrs, so joyously trod ?  
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,  
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam ?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,  
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found ;  
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,

Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair ;  
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,  
Save the gleam of the plunge that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;  
Temptation without and corruption within ;  
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory's mine, e'er I'm captive again.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears ;  
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
And my spirit her own Miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb !  
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom ;

There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head ;

Oh, soft are the slumbers of that holy bed !  
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,  
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight ;  
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise  
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway ! away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music ! what is it I hear !  
The notes of the harps ring sweet on the ear ;  
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold !  
The King, all arrayed in his beauty, behold.  
O give me, O give me the wings of a dove !  
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above ;  
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would  
soar,

And in ecstacy bid earth adieu evermore.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ABSENCE from our post has caused us to neglect some of the parcels from publishers :

Messrs. *Harper & Brothers* have sent us Parts 1 and 2 of the *HISTORY OF PENDENNIS*. By W. M. Thackeray : with Mr. Thackeray's own illustrations. It is well printed, and the author's name

ensures its popularity.—Also, *History of the NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY*. By J. F. Corkran, Esq.—Also, a LITERAL PROSE TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S *INFERNO*. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. For people who cannot read Italian, and yet wish to know this great poem, such a translation is far better than a versified paraphrase. From the same house we have : Mr. Seymour's *MORNINGS AMONG THE JESUITS AT ROME* : being notes of conversations held with certain Jesuits on the subject of religion in the city of Rome. We have marked for the *Living Age* a full review of this interesting work. *PICTURES OF THE VIRGIN AND HER SON*, by Charles Beecher : with an Introductory Essay by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is an original work. *SCENES WHERE THE TEMPTER HAS TRIUMPHED*.

Messrs. *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* have sent us the 2d volume of their good edition of *Hume's England*, and the first number of a new issue of *Shakespeare*, in very large type, and on thick, white paper. This number consists of *THE TEMPEST*.

Messrs. *Munroe & Company* have sent *THE CANTON CHINESE*, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. A handsome volume.

Mr. Geo. P. Putnam has published, in excellent shape, *BULWER & FORBES ON THE WATER CURE*. Edited, with additional matter, by Roland S. Houghton, A. M., M. D.

*LAMARTINE'S NEW HISTORY*.—With a promptness quite unequalled, the new *History* by Lamartine has been translated, and well translated, and published in this city. The American edition thus takes the lead of any English edition, while the grace and ease of its style is such as will not be improved upon, if a translation should be attempted in London, as was promised. The translation has been very carefully made by Messrs. Francis A. Durivage and Wm. S. Chase, of Boston.

There are few persons who did not follow with wonder Lamartine's career during the first three months of last year's French revolution. In a large measure then, he must have owed the popularity which gave him his position to the deserved success of his *History of the Girondists*. It was natural therefore that his history of the events of which he was so great a part in 1848, should be awaited as uniting claims to interest which seldom meet ; for one of the first authors of the time, who has shown himself one of the first men of the time, here resumes his pen to write his own history. It will be called egotistical. But it could hardly fail to be so. If Cromwell had written an account of some of the more stirring days of the protectorate, or if Jefferson had left on record the discussions of the committee who reported the declaration of independence, such narratives would have been as egotistical. It would have been absurd for Lamartine to fail to write this sequel to his other work, simply because he, of all men, knew most of what transpired in the period of which he writes.

He is certainly a most attractive narrator. And we cannot but congratulate ourselves that his agreeable though of course hasty narrative, is given to us in the form in which we have it ; for this will prove itself a standard English history.

The publication is one of the very creditable enterprises of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. The book is the size of one of their volumes of *Macaulay*.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.



# CONTENTS OF No. 284.

1. Americans in Japan,	- - - -	<i>New York Courier &amp; Enquirer,</i>	-	145
2. California,	- - - -	<i>Independent,</i>	-	152
3. The California Mystery in England,	- - - -	<i>London Times,</i>	-	153
4. Overland Journey to California,	- - - -	<i>Cincinnati Gazette,</i>	-	155
5. Ascent of Mount Orizaba,	- - - -	<i>Lt. W. F. Reynolds,</i>	-	158
6. The Straits of Magalhaen,	- - - -	<i>Journal of Commerce,</i>	-	161
7. Scientific Meeting at Cambridge,	- - - -	<i>Traveller,</i>	-	164
8. The Shetland Isles,	- - - -	<i>W. C. Bryant,</i>	-	167
9. John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe,	- - - -	<i>Spectator,</i>	-	171
10. The Modern Vassal, Chap. III.,	- - - -	<i>John Wilmer,</i>	-	176
11. Canada and the British American League,	- - - -	<i>Examiner,</i>	-	186
12. Lord Palmerston's Hungarian Policy,	- - - -	"	-	187
13. Are the Hungarians Protectionists?	- - - -	"	-	188
14. Hamburg Adheres to the Zollverein,	- - - -	<i>Economist,</i>	-	189
POETRY.—O'er the Hill, 166.—Northampton, 185.—Original of "I would not live alway," 191.				
SHORT ARTICLES.—Mystical Theology, 163.—Man Born to Slavery, 175.—Sentimental, 185.				
—French Prisoners and Spanish Prison Ships, 1810, 190. NEW BOOKS, 191.				

**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

**TERMS.**—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	• • • •	\$20 00.
Nine " "	• • • •	\$40 00.
Twelve " "	• • • •	\$50 00.

Complete sets, in twenty volumes, to the end of March, 1849, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at forty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

**Binding.**—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

**Agencies.**—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

**Postage.**—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

**Monthly parts.**—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.